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## Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER XI.

**The Law Versus the Man.**

ddenly a great thrill shot through lip, and for an instant he stood d. What was that he saw out in gray gloom of Arctic desolation, ping up, up, up, almost black at beginning, and dying away like a stly, winding sheet? A gurgling cry e in his throat, and he went on, ting now like a broken-winded et in his excitement. It grew near, ker, warmer. He fancied that he ld feel its heat, which was the new of life blazing within him.

e went down between two great ts which seemed bottomless. He wled to the top of the second, using puiseless hands like sticks in the w, and at the top something rose m the other side to meet him.

was a face, a fierce, bearded face, gaunt starvation in it hidden by own blindness. It seemed like the e of an ogre, terrible, threatening, he knew that it was the face of lliam DeBar, the seventh brother. e launched himself forward and r met in a struggle which was pa- ic in its weakness, and roled to- her to the bottom of the drift. Yet struggle was no less terrible be- se of that weakness. It was a ggle between two lingering sparks human life and when these two rks had flickered and blazed and d down, the two men lay gasping, arm's reach from each other.

hilip's eyes went to the fire. It was mall fire, burning more brightly as looked, and he longed to throw him- upon it, so that the flames might into his flesh. He had mumbled nething about police, arrest and rder during the struggle, but DeBar ke for the first time now.

You're cold," he said.

I'm freezing to death," said Philip. And I'm—starving."

DeBar rose to his feet. Philip drew mself together, as if expecting an at- k, but in place of it DeBar held out warmly mittened hand.

You've got to get those clothes off— ick—or you'll die," he said. "Here!" Mechanically Philip held out his nd, and DeBar took him to his sledge ind the fire and wrapped about him hick blanket. Then he drew out a ath knife and ripped the frozen legs his trousers up and the sleeves of coat down, cut the string of his e packs and slit his heavy German cks, and after that he rubbed his t and legs and arms until Philip be- n to feel a sting like the prickly bite nettles.

Ten minutes more and you'd been e," said DeBar.

He wrapped a second blanket ound Philip, and dragged the sledge which he was lying still near to the e. Then he threw on a fresh arm- l of dry sticks and from a pocket his coat drew forth something all and red and frozen, which was e carass of a bird about the size of obin. DeBar held it up between his refinger and thumb, and looking Philip, the flash of a smile passed r an instant over his grizzled face. "Dinner," he said, and Philip could t fail to catch the low chuckling te of humor in his voice. "It's a hisky Jack, man, and he's the first d last living thing I've seen in the y of fowl between here and Fond Lac. He weighs four ounces if e weighs an ounce, and we'll feast him shortly. I haven't had a full outh of grub since day before yes- rday morning, but you're welcome a half of him, if you're hungry ough."

Where'd your chuck do?" asked hilip.

He was conscious of a new warmth d comfort in his veins, but it was t this that sent a heat into his face the outlaw's offer. DeBar had ved his life, and now, when DeBar ight have killed him, he was offer- g him food. The man was spitting e bird on the sharpened end of a ick, and when he had done this he ointed to the big Mackenzie hound, d to the broken stub of a dead dling.

I brought enough bannock to carry e to Chippewayan, but he got into the first night, and what he left as crumbs. You lost yours in the ke, eh?"

Dogs and everything," said Philip. Even matches."

Those ice-traps are bad," said De- ar companionably, slowly turning e bird. "You always want to test e lakes in this county. Most of m come from bog springs, and after they freeze, the water drops. Guess you'd had me pretty soon if it hadn't been for the lake, wouldn't you?"

He grinned, and to his own astonishment Philip grinned.

"I was tight after you, Bill."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the outlaw. "That sounds good! I've gone by another name, of course, and that's the first time I've heard my own since—"

He stopped suddenly, and the laugh left his voice and face.

"It sounds—homelike," he added more gently. "What's yours, pardner?"

"Steele—Philip Steele, of the R. N. W. M. P.," said Philip.

"Used to know a Steele once," went on DeBar. "That was back—where it happened. He was one of my friends."

For a moment he turned his eyes on Philip. They were deep gray eyes, set well apart in a face that among a hundred others Philip would have picked out for its frankness and courage. He knew that the man before him was not much more than his own age, yet he appeared 10 years older.

He sat up on his sledge as DeBar left his bird to thrust sticks into the snow, on the ends of which he hung Philip's frozen garments close to the fire. From the man Philip's eyes traveled to the dog. The hound yawned in the heat and he saw that one of his fangs was gone.

"If you're starving, why don't you kill the dog?" he asked.

DeBar turned quickly, his white teeth gleaming through his beard.

"Because he's the best friend I've got on earth, or next to the best," he said warmly. "He's stuck to me through thick and thin for 10 years. He starved with me, and fought with me, and half died with me, and he's going to live with me as long as I live. Would you eat the flesh of your brother, Steele? He's my brother—the last that your glorious law has left to me. Would you kill him if you were me?"

Something stuck hard and fast in Philip's throat, and he made no reply. DeBar came toward him with the hot bird on the end of his stick. With his knife the outlaw cut the bird into two equal parts, and one of these parts he cut into quarters. One of the smaller pieces he tossed to the hound, who devoured it at a gulp. The half he stuck on the end of his knife and offered to his companion.

"No," said Philip. "I can't."

The eyes of the two men met, and DeBar, on his knees, slowly settled back, still gazing at the other. In the eyes of one there was understanding, in those of the other stern determination.

"See here," said DeBar, after a moment, "don't be a fool, Steele. Let's forget, for a little while. God knows what's going to happen to both of us tomorrow or next day, and it'll be easier to die with company than alone, won't it? Let's forget that you're the Law and I'm the Man, and that I've killed one or two. We're both in the same boat, and we might as well be a little bit friendly for a few hours, and shake hands, and be at peace when the last minute comes. If we get out of this, and find grub, we'll fight fair and square, and the best man wins. Be square with me, old man, and I'll be square with you, s'elp me God!"

He reached a hand, gnarled, knotted, covered with callouses and scars, and with a strange sound in his throat Philip caught it tightly in his own.

"I'll be square, Bill," he cried. "I swear that I'll be square—on those conditions. If we find grub, and live, we'll fight it out—alone—and the best man wins. But I've had food today, and you're starving. Eat that and I'll still be in better condition than you. Eat it, and we'll smoke. Praise God I've got my pipe and tobacco!"

They settled back close in the lee of the drift, and the wind swirled white clouds of snowmist over their heads, while DeBar ate his bird and Philip smoked. The food that went down DeBar's throat was only a morsel, but it put new life into him and he gathered fresh armfuls of sticks and sapling boughs until the fire burned Philip's face and his drying clothes sent up clouds of steam. Once, a hundred yards out in the plain,

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# CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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IN the legislature the problems with which I dealt were mainly problems of honesty and decency and of legislative and administrative efficiency. They represented the effort, the wise, the vitally necessary effort, to get efficient and honest government. But as yet I understood little of the effort which was already beginning, for the most part under very bad leadership, to secure a more genuine social and industrial justice. Nor was I especially to blame for this. The good citizens I then knew best, even when themselves men of limited means—men like my colleague Billy O'Neill, and my backwoods friends Sewall and Dow—were no more awake than I was to the changing needs the changing times were bringing. Their outlook was as narrow as my own, and, within its limits, as fundamentally sound.

I wish to dwell on the soundness of our outlook on life, even though as yet it was not broad enough. We were no respecters of persons. Where our vision was developed to a degree that enabled us to see crookedness, we opposed it whether in great or small. As a matter of fact, we found that it needed much more courage to stand up openly against labor men when they were wrong than against capitalists when they were wrong. The sins against labor are usually committed, and the improper services to capitalists are usually rendered, behind closed doors. Very often the man with the moral courage to speak in the open against labor when it is wrong is the only man anxious to do effective work for labor when labor is right.

**Sham Reform.**

The only kinds of courage and honesty which are permanently useful to good institutions anywhere are those shown by men who decide all cases with impartial justice on grounds of conduct and not on grounds of class. We found that in the long run the men who in public blatantly insisted that labor was never wrong were the very men who in private could not be trusted to stand for labor when it was right. We grew heartily to distrust the reformer who never denounced wickedness unless it was embodied in a rich man. Human nature does not change; and that type of "reformer" is as noxious as he ever was. The loud mouthed upholder of popular rights who attacks wickedness only when it is allied with wealth, and who never publicly assails any misdeed, no matter how flagrant, if committed nominally in the interest of labor, has either a warped mind or a tainted soul, and should be trusted by no honest man. It was largely the indignant and contemptuous dislike aroused in our minds by the demagogues of this class which then prevented those of us whose instincts at bottom were sound from going as far as we ought to have gone along the lines of governmental control of corporations and governmental interference on behalf of labor.

I did, however, have one exceedingly useful experience. A bill was introduced by the Cigar-Makers' Union to prohibit the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses. I was appointed one of a committee of three to investigate conditions in the tenement-houses and see if legislation should be had. Of my two colleagues on the committee, one took no interest in the measure and privately said he did not think it was right, but that he had to vote for it because the labor unions were strong in his district and he was pledged to support the bill. The other, a sporting Tammany man who afterwards abandoned politics for the racetrack, was a very good fellow. He told me frankly that he had to be against the bill because certain interests which were all-powerful and with which he had dealings required him to be against it, but that I was a free agent, and that if I would look into the matter he believed I would favor the legislation. As a matter of fact, I had supposed I would be against the legislation, and I rather think I was put on the committee with that idea, for the respectable people I knew were against it; it was contrary to the principles of political economy of the laissez faire kind; and the business men who spoke to me about it shook their heads and said that it was designed to prevent a man doing as he wished and as he had a right to do with what was his own.

However, my first visits to the tenement house districts in question made me feel that, whatever the theories might be, as a matter of practical common sense, I could not conscientiously vote for the continuance of the conditions which I saw. These conditions rendered it impossible for the families of the tenement house workers to live so that the children might grow up fitted for the exacting duties of American citizenship. I visited the tenement houses once with my colleagues of the committee, once with some of the labor union representatives and once or twice by myself. In a few of the tenement houses there were suites of rooms ample in number where the work on the tobacco was done in rooms not occupied for cooking or sleeping or living. In the overwhelming majority of cases, however, there were one, two or three room apartments, and the work of manufacturing the tobacco by men, women and children went on day and night in the eating, living and sleeping rooms—sometimes in one room. I have always remembered one room in which two families were living. On my inquiry as to who the third adult male was, I was told that he was a boarder with one of the families. There were several children, three men and two women in this room. The tobacco was stowed about everywhere, alongside the foul bedding, and in a corner where there were scraps of food. The men, women and children in this room worked by day and far into the evening, and they slept and ate there. They were Bohemians, unable to speak English, except that one of the children knew enough to act as interpreter.

**Legalism and Life.**

Instead of opposing the bill I ardently championed it. It was a poorly drawn measure, and the governor, Grover Cleveland, was at first doubtful about signing it. The Cigar-Makers' Union then asked me to appear before the governor and argue for it. I accordingly did so, acting as spokesman for the battered, undersized foreigners who represented the union and the workers. The governor signed the bill. Afterwards this tenement house cigar legislation was declared invalid by the court of appeals in the Jacobs decision. Jacobs was one of the rare tenement house manufacturers of cigars who occupied quite a suite of rooms, so that in his case the living conditions were altogether exceptional. What the reason was which influenced those bringing the suit to select the exceptional instead of the average worker I do not know; of course such action was precisely the action which those most interested in having the law broken down were anxious to see taken. The court of appeals declared the law unconstitutional, and in their decision the judges reprobated the law as an assault upon the "hallowed" influences of "home." It was this case which first waked me to a dim and partial understanding of the fact that the courts were not necessarily the best judges of what should be done to better social and industrial conditions. The judges who rendered this decision were well-meaning men. They knew nothing whatever of tenement house conditions; they knew nothing whatever of the needs, or of the life, and labor, of three-fourths of their fellow citizens in great cities. They knew legalism, but not life. Their choice of the words "hallowed" and "home," as applicable to the revolting conditions attending the manufacture of cigars in tenement houses, showed that they had no idea what it was that they were deciding. Imagine the "hallowed" associations of a "home" consisting of one room where two families, one of them with a boarder, live, eat and work! This decision completely blocked tenement house reform legislation in New York for a score of years, and hampers it to this day. It was one of the most serious setbacks which the cause of industrial and social progress and reform ever received.

I had been brought up to hold the courts in especial reverence. The people with whom I was most intimate were apt to praise the courts for just such decisions as this, and to speak of them as bulwarks against disorder and barriers against demagogic legislation. These were the same people with whom the judges who rendered these decisions were apt to foregather at social clubs, or dinners, or in private life. Very naturally they all tended to look at things from the same standpoint. Of course it took more than one experience such as this Tenement Cigar Case to shake me out of the attitude in which I was brought up. But various decisions, not only of the New York court, but of certain other state courts and even of the United States supreme court, during the quarter of a century following the passage of this tenement house legislation, did at last thoroughly wake me to the actual fact. I grew to realize that all that Abraham Lincoln had said about the Dred Scott decision could be said with equal truth and justice about the numerous decisions which in our own day were erected as bars across the path of social reform, and which brought to naught so much of the effort to secure justice and fair dealing for workingmen and workingwomen, and for plain citizens generally.

Some of the wickedness and inefficiency in public life was then displayed in simpler fashion than would probably now be the case. Once or twice I was a member of committees which looked into gross and widely ramifying governmental abuses. On the whole, the most important part I played was in the third legislature in which I served, when I acted as chairman of a committee which investigated various phases of New York city official life.

The most important of the reform measures our committee recommended was the bill taking away from the aldermen their power of confirmation over the mayor's appointments. We found that it was possible to get citizens interested in the character and capacity of the head of the city, so that they would exercise some intelligent interest in his conduct and qualifications. But we found that as a matter of fact it was impossible to get them interested in the aldermen and other subordinate officers. In actual practice the aldermen were merely the creatures of the local ward bosses or of the big municipal bosses, and where they controlled the appointments the citizens at large had no chance whatever to make their will felt. Accordingly we fought for the principle, which I believe to be of universal application, that what is needed in our popular government is to give plenty of power to a few officials, and to make these few officials genuinely and readily responsible to the people for the exercise of that power. Taking away the confirming power of the board of aldermen did not give the citizens of New York good government. We knew that if they chose to elect the wrong kind of mayor they would have bad government, no matter what the form of law was. But we did secure to them the chance to get good government if they desired, and this was impossible as long as the old system remained. The change was fought in the way in which all similar changes always are fought. The corrupt and interested politicians were against it, and the battle-cries they used, which rallied to them most of the unthinking conservatives, were that we were changing the old constitutional system, that we were defacing the monuments of the wisdom of the founders of the government, that we were destroying that distinction between legislative and executive power which was the bulwark of our liberties, and that we were violent and unscrupulous radicals with no reverence for the past.

CHAPTER XV.

**The Beginning of War.**

"Thank you, sir," said Captain Kettle, "but I'll not step down to dinner this evening. As soon as dark comes away, I'm going to up-anchor and as quietly as may be move the Wangaroo across to another berth. Mr. Bergash may be all right, sir, as you and Miss Chesterman appear to think, though we've only his word for it, and though you must allow me to still hold my own opinion. But there are 2,000 dark Africans either on the Norman Towers or lying hid near her, and they aren't doing that for the good of their own health—or ours."

"Have it your own way," said Sir George rather stiffly. "But I think you're carrying prejudice too far. I've lived in Louisiana and I've lived in India, and I've as much dislike for the black man otherwise than as a black man as it's possible to have. I've got no possible use for the ignorant Exeter Hall, Uncle Tom's Cabin theory of a man and a brother. But I'm not wilfully blind. This fellow isn't an African nigger any more than I am. He's a blue-eyed, pure-blooded Berber!"

"Well, sir," retorted Kettle doggedly, "he may be Neapolitan, if you choose, and I'm sure his tongue's glib enough for it; but I don't like him, and there you have a solid fact. I can't talk Cambridge College, and polo in the moonlight to him, like you and Miss Violet do, but I can listen and I can use my eyes, and if Mr. Bergash is here for philanthropy alone, and not for Mr. Bergash—well, I'm content to have my ticket indorsed for competency."

"Right," said Sir George shortly; "then if you won't dine with him, you won't. Can I send you anything up?"

"I'd like, sir, a sandwich and a bottle of beer, if the steward would bring me that when he's served dinner. But there need be no hurry; I shall be busy for the next half-hour."

Captain Kettle wished to give a message to his crew, but he did not call them on dock, as he had a shrewd idea that such items would be noted from the shore and intelligently commented on. Instead, he told his three mates and the boatswain, one by one, to go to the chart house and, when they were assembled, join them there, and gave his orders in a few words.

"I may be wrong, but I expect those niggers will try and get aboard here tonight. Now, there'll be no moon, and with this heat haze about, no light from the stars. The night'll be as black as the inside of a heathen, and I'm not going to let our amateurs play around with those rifles. They'd be just as likely to shoot some one on board here as Moors over the side; and when they'd shot their magazines empty they'd be whanging in with the butt and smashing good rifles which will perhaps be of use later on. Bo's'n, I believe there's a keg of spare iron belaying pins in your locker?"

"There is, sir."

"Then you will deal out one belaying-pin to every man on board, and, if the hands are wanted, you mates, and you, Mr. McTodd, will see that they are strung out at reasonable intervals round the rail. I guess an old belaying-pin, well driven, will cave in even a nigger's skull. That will do."

Night fell, as it falls in the tropics—as though the sun had been shut into a box, and by her captain's orders, all lighted port-holes and skylights on the little steamer were carefully shrouded. With the scheme of his maneuver clear in his mind, Captain Kettle, in the hour preceding dark, had already run his noisy steam winches and derricks for the handling of imaginary cargo, so that, if the sound traveled to the shore, the listeners there should get accustomed to it, and as a consequence, when the windlass, which was worked by a messenger chain from the forward winch, did start heaving up, the only impression conveyed to the beach would be that the uneasy N'zaranees were again shifting cargo. And when his anchor was once a-trip, with engines just turning at dead slow ahead, and binnacle light carefully shrouded, Kettle moved the Wangaroo half a mile farther north, and again dropped anchor and held there to a short cable.

From the saloon below there drifted up the chatter of voices and whiffs of laughter. Captain Kettle bit his lips in vexation. He knew well enough how sound travels across water, and it looked as if his ruse of shifting anchorage would be wasted. But it crossed his mind that in a moment of enthusiasm Sir George Chesterman, M. P., had offered to serve under him—and obey orders—in any capacity he cared to name. What if he were to go below and ask for silence?

With ordinary passengers he would have done it in a moment, yes, have ordered it, and one can imagine that under the circumstances his manner would have been, to say the least of it, brusk. But, as things were, the whole theory of his sea upbringing rose in arms at the idea. An owner was an owner all the seas over. Captains existed merely for owners' profit and pleasure. And so he stayed on deck and did his best.

A voice and a whiff of whisky came to him out of the dark.

"Captain?"

"Yes, Mr. McTodd."

"About your black fellow, the steward-ess kenned. For why did he ask if I could do him a bit job ashore, and offer me a fi' pound note on account?"

"I don't know. But naturally you told him you were engaged here, and he could put his money where the monkey put the nuts."

"Man," said McTodd solemnly, "you'd never guess it of me, but I'll tell ye in confidence that I come from the North, and up there it's said to be unlucky if you refuse siller if it's as good as offered ye. So I—I angled him, and I landed the note. I changed it with the steward to make sure it was a good one."

"And bought a bottle of ship's whisky, with part of the change."

"Well, I couldn't ask the steward to do a delicate bit of financial business like yon without giving him a profit on the turnover. At least, that's no' the custom where I come from, Mon, meanness such as that's a thing you'd never find in a Scot."

"Get on. You drank half the whisky, and what then?"

"Now, captain, see her. I will no' be spied on. Tell me in a word, who's your informant aboot the whisky?"

Kettle turned on him savagely. "If you've come her on business, let me hear what it is without further maundering. If you've nothing useful to say, get down off my bridge. If you waste any more of my time, I'll kick you to the deck, and then send you to your room, you—you dissolute mechanic."

"And if I think myself too useful on deck to be incar—I should say in-carcerated, what then?"

"Then, by James, if you can't remember you're an officer now, and you won't go peacefully when you're ordered, I'll have you frog's-marched there by the watch and put in irons. I'm captain aboard here, and you've got to know it."

"The vara worrds Miss Dubbs said to me when I telled her she could twiddle ye round her little finger if she felt that way inclined. And, pagh! she seemed to think that because ye held a master's certificate ye'd be unapproachable. I telled her that men with master's tickets could be bought at threepence a dozen near the docks in any seaport town, but she preferred her own way out of it. It's curious, come to think of it, why she should care for you."

"I'll trouble you not to couple Miss Dubbs' name with mine."

"But, man, you're engaged to her."

"I was. But she found reason to dislike me, and very wisely broke it off."

"Weel, I'm no' questioning her wisdom. She's a capable buddy. She sewed a button on ma uniform coat as neat as I could have done it myself. And you say she's no' engaged at the moment? Gosh! I'll spark the lassie masel'."

Captain Kettle's fingers twitched.

"If you'll no' be wanting that brilliantine you used for your hair, I'd be glad for the loan of it."

"Get down off this bridge."

"I'm going to bask in the arrums of beauty——"

Captain Kettle's hand shot out and caught the engineer's collar before he had descended three steps of the steep bridge ladder, and jerked him suddenly backward and deposited him sitting on the deck of the upper bridge.

"Stop it," he said in a sharp whisper, "and sober up, and look there."

He stretched out an arm into the night and pointed to the south and east. The black velvet darkness was flawed by a flicker of infinitesimal flames.

"Phosphorescence," said McTodd. "The outer splashes of light'll be oars. Gosh, but she's a big craft, yon. She'll have a dozen oars a-side. She'll be one of those big kherbs."

"A lighter."

"The Moorish word's kherb, as ye'd know if ye'd my education. I don't see for why ye're surprised. It's the natural sequence of events that the other blackguards should come off to join their chief, who's tucked his way in among us so cannily. I should say that the throat-cutting will begin within five seconds of their coming over the side."

"That's my idea of it, and I've made my preparations accordingly. The mates know and the deckhands are standing by. But I've another surprise packet for them first. What steam have you?"

"Enough, maybe, to just turn her over with."

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## A Sea Tradition

FOR more than a century the trawling fishermen of Yucatan have been bringing up from the bottom of the sea along the coast beautifully carved stones, vases and other objects, some of them in gold and silver. The tradition has long existed, and it has grown in strength in recent years, that an ancient civilization, all traces of which, beyond those mentioned, have disappeared, once flourished throughout an area of almost continental extent now submerged by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea.

Yucatan, although Mexican territory, is physically a portion of Central America. Unlike Mexico in general, it is not a mountainous country. The theory is that the land of which it is a remnant once embraced what are now the islands of the West Indies. By some it has been held, indeed, that the name Antilles is a corruption of Atlantis, the long lost, and a fairly good clew to the location of the legendary continent. They are convinced that the objects picked up by the trawls of the Yucatan fishermen are from the engulfed cities of a prehistoric civilization and that these cities stretch all along the Gulf and Caribbean coasts.

Bernard Meekham, an English explorer, is of the number who believe that it is possible to obtain more conclusive proof of the soundness of this theory than any that the nets of the fishermen have brought to the surface. He is at the head of an expedition that recently set sail from England for Yucatan with the announced purpose of entering upon the work of discovering those cities in a systematic manner. A huge floating dry dock is to be constructed and numerous submarines are to be employed.

There is proof that the cities which are now to be explored have had as real existence as the land buried cities of Yucatan and Guatemala, while there is every reason for thinking that they were richer. The conclusion reached is that an enlightened race, long antedating Egypt and Babylon, ran its course in that quarter of the globe.

## Abe Martin

Th' course o' true love never runs smooth durin' th' young onion season.

**In the Cell Above.**

Julian Hawthorne, who is in the federal prison at Atlanta, serving a sentence for using the mails to defraud, has been made editor of the prison paper. This position enables the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne to pass his time at a congenial pursuit, as he is an author, as his father was before him. The following poem, which appeared in last week's issue of the paper, was inspired by the restless tramping of the prisoner in the cell above Hawthorne:

In the cell over mine at night
A step goes to and fro
From barred door to iron wall,
From wall to door I hear it go,
Four paces heavy and slow,
In the heart of the sleeping jail,
And the goad that drives I know.

I never saw his face nor heard him speak;
He may be Dutchman, Dago, Greek;
But the language of that prison'd step
Too well I know;
Unknown brother of remorseless bars,
Pent in your cage from earth and sky and stars,
The hunger for lost life that goads you so
I also know.

## STAMPS FOR SUMMER AND WINTER

New York American.

Sometimes you take precautions to place a few postage stamps inside a note book where you think they could not possibly stick together by carrying the book in your pocket, because there seems to be too much thickness for the body heat to penetrate, and yet you discover them, perhaps only a few hours later, stuck so firmly together that they are spoiled.

Then again you may carry postage stamps about for many days or weeks and they never stick together. And the explanation of this is that the stamps that stick are properly winter stamped.

This is because the government makes three brands of postage stamps, "summer," "winter" and "intermediate." The intermediate stamps are supposed to be used during the spring and fall, or during the seasons when it is neither extremely cold nor excessively hot.

This does not mean that the government printing department makes these stamps with any different design or color. The seasonable part of the stamp is all in the glue, or gum, that is used to back them. For the summer sale the gum used is slightly harder than for the other sort. This is so it will not melt as readily with body heat or room heat and is intended to assist in preventing them from sticking together.

In the winter such hard gum is not necessary, and again, too hard gum in the cold months will crack and frequently crack right through the paper of the stamp, spoiling it. And so a thinner, light gum is used, which is more pliable, not so apt to crack with the cold and is better all around. Of course, for spring and autumn the intermediate grade of gum is used, of a consistency between the hard of summer and the thin of winter.

It is claimed by the officials of the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington, where the postage stamps are made, that the process of their manufacture, and especially that of gumming them, is one of the most delicate and difficult of all the work of that department.

It really isn't the printing—that is quite a simple matter, as is the perforation, done with a mammoth stamp at the time of the printing impression—but it is the care needed in spreading the gum over the backs of these stamps. After the sheets have been printed they are run under a roller from which they receive a thin coating of gum, the consistency of this gum depending entirely upon the season of the year these stamps are intended for use.

From this gumming roller the sheets, now covered with the thin coat of gum, pass gradually over coils of steam pipes until they are dried. The greatest of care is needed to get the layer of gum quite even on each surface. This gum is in small vats, from which it drops to the gumming roller. An even temperature must be kept and frequent tests made to make certain the gum is of the right thickness.

## Man Who Made Canal Zone Healthy

New York, June 14.—Colonel William Crawford Gorgas, assistant surgeon general of the United States army medical corps, was given an honorary degree of doctor of science by Columbia College at its annual commencement.

It was Colonel Gorgas who made the Panama canal zone habitable. Chiefly for his great work there he was thus honored by Columbia.

## MUSIC AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT

THE oldest legends of antiquity tell us what a mysterious power the men of those days sometimes tributed to music, says the Paris erald. The songs of Orpheus nd he sound of his lyre even, it is said, ttracted wild beasts, which came rawling up to listen at his feet, vanished. The all-powerful beauty of he song of this hero even softened he hearts of the pitiless divinities of ades. M. Nitello, in an article on his subject, published in "Medicina," ecalls how, to the sound of Amphion's yre, the stones became animated and ame to place themselves one upon another to build the city of Thebes.

It is difficult to take these pretty egends literally; it is perhaps more ational to believe old Homer when e says that when Ulysses had been een wounded by a wild boar, music ade him forget his pain. That is the irst case on record in which a remedy s sought in this art.

The Greeks claimed that Esculapius as a son of Apollo. Though it is no onger possible to believe, in accordnce with this legend, that Medicine s the daughter of Music, at least it s permissible to think, says M. Nitello, that they are two sisters, the lder of which sometimes gives aid o the other.

But to leave this distant period and ome down to Celsi, it is seen that this doctor recognizes already the action of music on the minds of lunatics. Then this same art is indicated by various authors as a remedy for the most diverse ailments. Galien recommends it for snake bit; Athenea, Theophrastus and Aulu Gele believe in its happy influence on sciatica and gout; Theocritus and Thales see in it a means of contending against pest.

It is especially in the treatment of nervous diseases that music has given the best results. Cases of hysteria and epilepsy seem sometimes to have been cured by concerts. The attack, treated at the start, ceased and subsequently occurred more rarely and ended by not appearing any more.

For a long time past musicotherany has been employed in a rational manner. It has been used in the treatment of madmen. Esquirel organized concerts at Chareaton, but he was not very well satisfied with the results obtained. In 1840, Leuret, at Bicetre, renewed the same attempt, but also without much success. Since this period attempts have often been made to divert madmen in this way. It would appear that in the treatment of madness music has not given the good results expected. But if the experiment has not been a success it may be because music is felt in a different manner by every human being and the more so must that be the case with those who are diseased.

The music chosen must touch the patient without, however, the effect being too strong. It is also desirable that it should be "en rapport" with the troubles of which the patient complains. If his circulation is bad, music of a somewhat violent character will have an excellent effect on him. If, on the other hand, he is suffering from a stomach ailment it will increase his pain by causing contractions of the organ which is already painful.

If a convalescent is under treatment and it is desirable to rouse him from a state of torpor, it is necessary to play him a lively march, one of those which are so effective in rousing up soldiers who are tired with marching, giving them new vigor. In this case it is on the locomotor nerves that it is necessary to act, but one must influence first of all the nerves governing the sensibility.

In the case of ailments of the mind, for instance, it is first of all the nerves governing the sensibility that an effort must be made to touch. Music is at once a means of exciting the body, which has become diseased, and a diversion for the mind. To those minds which are no longer conscious of the ordinary life of the world music can still speak. It seems even as if it could put into the brains of the insane a gleam of life. It ought to be able to gather up from afar ideas which have been lost and bring them back to reason. If music cannot cure, it can sometimes soothe.

## "HEAT OF BATTLE" IS REAL

Youth's Companion.

THE expression, "the heat of battle," often used by poets and historians, is usually taken in a figurative sense and supposed to refer not to actual temperature of the combatants, but to the intense emotional excitement under which they labor. But a veteran of the civil war, who ought to know, declares that the heat of battle is an actual bodily heat.

"It is no mere figure of speech," says Captain Samuel Chapman, who was a trooper in the battalion of Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous confederate cavalry commander. "On the contrary, in a hot fight, the soldiers are often almost overpowered by the sense of oppressive warmth, even in the coldest weather.

"I remember the second week in January, 1864, was one of the coldest ever known in northern Virginia. A deep snow preceded the cold spell. At that time the federal troops were in possesion of Harper's Ferry, at the foot of the Shenandoah Valley. They had pushed their outposts out upon the hills known as Loudon Heights, and Colonel Mosby determined to attack and drive in these outposts.

"We met at Upperville, 35 miles south of Loudon Heights, about 3 o'clock one bitterly cold afternoon. There were about 200 of us, all warmly clothed in heavy underwear, thick flannel shirts, heavy service trousers, thick boots and stout leggings.

"When we took up the line of march over the crusty snow the mercury was nearly zero, a temperature almost unprecedented in that country, and a cold north wind blew in our faces.

"We sat for a moment, literally frozen, waiting for the word. Then came the order, 'Charge!' and with a wild yell we swept down upon the sleeping enemy's camp. Of course it was an uneven fight. Even the best of soldiers cannot fight unless in formation, and these poor fellows, roused suddenly from dreams by the crack of the revolver and the yells of our men, could only make slight resistance and either surrendered or sought safety in flight.

"As the firing ceased I found myself sitting with my leg flung over the horn of my saddle, and the hot blood pulsing through my toes. My overcoat was flung open, my jacket flung wide, my flannel shirt and undershirt unbuttoned, and my bare breast wet with sweat, was cooling in the icy blast. I was even fanning my face with my broad-brimmed slouch hat. Around me others were doing the same.

"And, by actual time, it had been less than three minutes since Colonel Mosby had given the order, 'Charge!' to his frozen battalion."

# The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

"I told that old fool of a chief to keep steam for full speed all night. By James, I'll log that man for incompetence."

"You should have given your order through me, and I would have seen it carried out. The chief's very canny on coal, and inprivate, I may tell ye I suspect him of being an Aberdonian. But I'll away below and get a boost on those gauges."

The oasis of phosphorescence crawled slowly across the black desert of the night, and presently a second flickering oasis disclosed itself, and then a third and a fourth.

"Four big lighters crammed with men, and all of them of the true fighting trade," mused Captain Kettle. "If they're the ordinarly cargo kherb of the northwest coast they'll carry a hundred and twenty hands apiece in smooth water like this lagoon. That means four to five hundred enthusiasts coming to call, and all carrying cutlery. Well, if they go direct to my old anchorage I'm free to own they'll get a surprise."

Silence and secrecy was the order of the night. Mr. Trethewy, the mate, received orders and departed swiftly to the forecastle head. The carpenter was dropped into the cable-locker, and battened down there so that the noise of his knocking out a shackle should not make itself heard. Then the heavy cable was muffled in every way possible, and dropped through the hawse-hole, link by link, and finally let go with a rope and buoy to mark it. Phosphorescence, now that they were looking for it, showed them the line of the cable right down to the lagoon's floor, and to the men on board seemed an open advertisement of their position; but no trace of this reached the kherbs, and they plodded steadily along their course to the Wangaroo's old anchorage. Steam meanwhile was beginning to pour quietly through the escape pipe, and Captain Kettle nodded appreciatively to himself as he took the temperature from time to time from the outside of the funnel casing.

The leading kherb reached the spot where the steamer should have been, eased her phosphorescence-stirring oars, and disappeared into the blackness of the night, and as the others came up and lost their way also vanished into nothingness.

Captain Kettle put a cigar between his teeth, but he did not venture to light it, nor did he risk the clanging bell of the engine room telegraph. Instead, he applied his lips to the voice tube, and got into communication with a very sober and alert McTodd, who said he had found it necessary to put his chief to bed.

The Wangaroo gathered way slowly and without noise, and Captain Kettle, to avoid the clamor of giving orders, took the steam steering wheel in his own hands. The night ahead was without beacon, and full of a dense amorphous darkness, but with a sailor's knack of memory the little sailor had the bearings of his old anchorage and of every salient point of the lagoon firmly charted in his head, and worked out a dead reckoning of his steamboat's course as he went along.

He kept one eye on the carefully hooded binnacle and the other roving through the blackness ahead, and without mental inconvenience, did sums each minute as to direction and distance run as is the habit of sailormen, and incidentally kept an attentive ear for the talk and laughter in the saloon below to make sure that his owner, Miss Chesterman and the saint were still merrily engaged in their occupation of killing time. And when he reckoned he was within 100 yards of the kherbs, and had called to Mr. McTodd to "whack her up all he knew," he was conscious of an elaborate head and a pair of comely shoulders protruding above the head of the upper bridge ladder behind him.

"Captain," came a voice, "it's dark, and no one will see. May I come up on top here? I know what's going on, and I don't feel as if I could stay below, anyhow."

"For the Lord's sake, miss, go back there! 'Tisn't safe for you up here."

"It would be no worse for me than it will be for you. And it's miserable down there in the dark, and alone. Miserable."

"But they may begin shooting and all sorts of things presently."

"It would be no worse for me than it will be for you." Miss Dubbs had come up on the bridge by this, and he heard her voice behind and slightly above him. The position was desperate, and one can hardly blame him for what he did.

"Go aft a bit and to starboard. No, the other—the starboard side; yes, there. Now, see that boat on the chocks? Yes, that's it. Now, if you want to stay on this deck you're to get inside that, and keep your head under the gunwale, and the Lord grant the boat's skin keeps out their gas-pipe bullets, though I don't think it will."

The kherbs had heard the steamer's coming by this time, as the renewed phosphorescence from their oars showed very plainly. But they strung out into a line and gave themselves over as her pray. She had worked up by this time to the full eight knots of her speed, and Kettle steered her into the rearmost kherb and drove over it, and then held on for the next ahead. Those of the lighter's crew who were wise struck out straightway for the shore. Those who had more talent for fighting leaped for the Wangaroo's low rail as they stamped the wreck of their own craft under water, and hauled themselves up, and were met by frenzied white men flaying them with iron clubs. Whack, crash, crunch went the belaying pins, and true believers fell back into Paradise or the lagoon. The Wangaroo scraped over the ruins of the first kherb, crunched through the second and of her own accord put in her celebrated sheer to starboard and bagged the third. But she was a slow little tub when all was said and done, and anyway she was not built for a ram, and the impacts had shaken her a good deal and knocked off her pace and upset her steering, and kherb number four, furiously rowed, managed to beach itself and emit its crew intact.

"But still I don't call that bad," said a quiet voice behind him, and Captain Kettle rang off his engines and turned round to gaze on a lighted cigar and the face of Sidi Mohammed Bergash.

"Get down off the bridge!"

The little sailor yapped out the words with venomous precision, and then turned to the other two figures behind. "As to you, sir, you may be my owner but of your own free will I heard you offer to serve under my command, and I'm ashamed of your lack of discipline. As to your place, miss, I make no suggestion, but if you've heard all the language that's been flying about on this bridge during this last 10 minutes, and liked it, I'm sorry for your taste, that's all."

"I apoligize, Skipper," said Sir George.

"Very good, sir. Make it so. Take that native gentleman with the English accent down below, and keep him there till I come. And if he doesn't want to go, tell the bo's'n to put him in irons. By James, I'm going to have discipline on this ship, or I'll know the reason why!"

When these had left the upper deck, out of sheer delight at his own skill in seamanship (and I'm afraid also through knowledge that Miss Dubbs was a spectator in the lifeboat behind him) Kettle swung the steamer round, and plotting a course through the unrelieved dark, made back for the spot whence he had started.

He returned as he had come, full steam ahead, and only slowed up to bring the steamer's forefoot to a standstill on the anchor buoy.

"Well, of all the beastly gallery tricks I ever saw!" sneered Mr. Trethewy, the mate, on the forecastle head as he oversaw the picking up of the buoy.

"But don't you wish you could do it yourself, my son?" hiccoughed Mr. McTodd from under the break of the forecastle. "Painting deck-houses is about all you're good at. I don't trust you to make fast a mooring rope unless I oversee it myself afterward to make sure you haven't made a slippery hitch. My young friend, I tell ye that the officers and crew of this packet are a great source of anxiety to the Old Man and myself, and if anybody dislikes that statement I'm here to fight him this minute. And now, the night being hot and maneuvers being over, I'm going to drop into the lagoon for a bit of a swim. Leave me this rope's end over the side to climb back by."

"I'm afraid," said the saint, "from your point of view it must look uncommonly fishy."

"I'm sure my skipper thinks so," Sir George agreed.

"Well, I'll ask you not to let him hang me out of hand, which I gather would be his agreeable method of making all things perfectly safe; and, of course, if you insist on keeping me on board as a hostage, I shall have to stay. But really, I think I should be of more use to you ashore. These aren't my people, as I've told you, but as kaid of the big Berber tribe hereabouts I have a good deal of local influence."

Sir George Chesterman rubbed his chin. "This attack will take a bit of explaining, you know."

"If you mean that your captain's unprovoked attack on some boats that hadn't harmed him, I should say it will."

The big untidy Englishman laughed. "Of course, those 400 or 500 armed ruffians had come out merely for a quiet evening row! However, my dear man, we won't worry about past history. The question is: What's going to be done next? We, I should again like to remind you, have come here to salvage that steamer, and the sooner we get it the better it will be for the neighborhood."

The Berber chief threw back his head; there was a hard glint in his blue eyes. "Well, you will not get the steamer. By the customs of this coast she belongs to the people of the coast, and I am going to see that they get her."

"I thought you said an hour ago that you were a rich man. What good's this wretched old wreck to you, even if you can realize on her, which is doubtful?"

"In money, no good whatever. But, my dear Chesterman, you make the usual superficial Englishman's mistake. If any one asks you suddenly what is your aim in life, you always reply, without thinking, that money's the one thing you want. You don't really mean it, but you've got into the habit of saying it. Now, money doesn't amuse me a bit. With the curse of my English education behind me, I tell you frankly this country bores me stiff, and if you were to forget I came on board here under a flag of truce—which, of course, you can't—and hang me out of hand, 'pon my word I should be a good deal obliged to you. And I'm sure it would save you a lot of trouble."

"Of course, you can be put ashore when you wish. And you may either tell us now your future policy, or you can do the other thing."

"Now you're angry. Don't you call that a bit unreasonable of your brother, Miss Chesterman? I've been quite frank with you about the shore situation and our resources, instead of leaving you to find out all that for yourself. I've pulled the handicap distinctly in your favor, and yet I know you'll be angrier with me still when I tell you that presently I'm going to fight for the possession of that useless and rusty old steamer for all that I'm worth. I wish you could understand what a boon fighting is to a man who comes of a fighting stock when he's bored to death with existing things, and finds, moreover, that his amiable subjects are beginning to talk about constitutions and other absurd modern fads, and need some smart blood-letting to bring them back to their senses again."

Violet Chesterman shut her fan with a click. "Now, look here, you two, this has gone far enough, and, to my mind, it's getting ridiculous. You talk about fighting as if you were challenging one another to a game of polo. George, go up and fetch Captain Kettle down to have a whisky-and-soda, and by the time you are back I think you will find that Mr. Bergash and I have arrived at a friendly treaty."

To be Continued.

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## Making Over China.

China Republican.

In harmony with the spirit of the times, the governor of Nanking has modernized the front entrance to the yamen. All those large conspicuous outside gates to the right and left have been torn down and the outside court has been cleared of all the old time fixtures. In the place of the three front entrances a modern front has been erected and all come and go through the one dorr, regardless of rank or position.

# THE FARMSTEAD

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

I would like to have a remedy for a cow that gives bloody milk out of one teat.—Wm. R., Concord, N. H.

More than a year ago a reader asked through the columns of The Blade for information in regard to growing strawberries from seed. I would like to know what success he had.—S., Niles, Mich.

After thoroughly breaking and pulverizing the land I planted two acres of Irish potatoes. The first acre was clover soil. I laid out my rows with deep furrow, using 700 pounds of 8-2-2 fertilizer, well mixed with soil. After dropping the potatoes I filled the furrows with well rotted manure and covered well. The second acre, being second year's new ground, I used 600 pounds of 8-4-4 fertilizer without manure, and the potatoes failed to come up. Examining them closely I found that a young potato had formed in the eye and that the old potato had rotted. Will someone please tell me the cause of the failure?—R., Hendersonville, V. C.

Would like to have some reader kindly tell what will cure collar bolls on horses.—R., Oak Harbor, Ohio.

Will somebody tell me of something I can do to break my horse of the habit of holding his tail to one side?—A., Hayesville, N. C.

B., Bella Vista, Cal.,—For troublesome ground moles, see Farmstead columns in recent issues of The Blade.

**The Gapes.**

Mrs. C., Woodville, Pa., says her chicks have not been bothered with gapes since they plowed and graded their lawn. The idea, no doubt, is a good one; but it is not a cure, as the plowing simply destroyed the home or breeding places of the insect which is responsible for the disease. To cure the gapes feed garlic once or twice a day. It must be cut or ground very fine in order that the little chicks can eat it. If they are too weak to eat pour some of it down their throats. As the flock improves cut the feeding down to once or twice a week.—T., Parkersburg, W. Va.

**Needs of the Soil.**

Editor Blade—In your publication of May 29 you have an article on Sam McCall and his cotton patch, which will, given as it is, without stating conditions and soil analysis, create a wrong impression of soil chemists and farm experts, that will tend to retard a movement that is just now beginning to interest the leading farmers and business men all over the country.

I was reared on a large stock farm in Illinois, a part of which has been farmed since 1845. Am now living on a small farm in Iroquois county, Illinois, which my father sold and 1855 and moved to Texas, where I was born. Texas being my native state, the southland was always interesting to me. For several years I was engaged in the immigration work through Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, having crossed those states in every direction and over most every railroad. The old story—"and story it is"—that the country does not need fertilizing, is a familiar one to me.

To prove this statement, the agent will point with pride to productive farms which were farmed long before the war and have never had any fertilizer sown upon them. I found most such farms were either bottom lands, along some stream which overflowed its banks every three to five years, leaving a good coating of silt, or small bench lands which received the washings from the surrounding hills. No doubt Sam McCall's two acres are just such land, receiving all the mineral necessary at the expense of the hill. All such land wants is plenty of humus and intense cultivation and nature will do the rest. There are millions of other lands here and throughout the south which are not renewed by overflow or wash from other lands that must have applied to them the very thing nature is giving to Sam McCall. The farmer can produce and plow under the humus to condition this soil and by growing peas, clover or other legumes can draw the nitrogen from the air, but if his soil is acid he must sweeten it with limestone. If it is short of phosphate or other minerals they must be supplied or the production will undoubtedly be reduced.

Sam McCall has done good work and deserves much praise, but from what I know of the cotton country he would have starved to death long ago on any two acres situated where they could not be renewed by nature with the elements he was drawing out of the soil by his three crops in one season.—J. O. R., Watseka, Ill. (Not a chemist or soil expert.)

**Navel Ill in Colts.**

Navel ill or joint ill of new-born foals seems to be rather prevalent over the country this spring, and perhaps a little information concerning this disease may be of interest at this time, says the Farmer's Guide. Veterinarians recognize two form sof this disease, the one form that may be termed a local infection of the navel, and the other a systematic infection. In the former case the navel swells up, becomes somewhat tender to the touch and soon begins to discharge pus. The swelling may be very great, often being four to six inches in diameter. The course of such local infection is chronic and usually continues week after week. The well-being of the animal does not seem to be involved; it eats well, its digestion is apparently unimpaired and it generally makes a rapid growth.

When the infection gains access to the general circulation, the navel may show very little or no swelling. In these cases the most common point of infection is one or more of the joints of the limbs and occasionally in some one of the internal organs. In these cases the foal on the third to the seventh day may be found to be very lame in one leg. The swelling may appear in one joint one day and the next be shifted to another. Sooner or later two or more joints will become affected at the same time, and the affected joints may break open and discharge pus mixed with the joint water. The result of this form of the disease is death in from four days to two weeks.

When the infection is systematic, there is little use to give treatment. Prevention of the infection is the best course. Where the infection is localized in the navel a thorough cleansing of the infected part will do much toward overcoming the trouble. In such cases five per cent solution of carbolic acid liberally applied, being careful to wash thoroughly all discharging abcesses, will aid in recovery.

To prevent this trouble, the stalls in which the mare is to foal should be very thoroughly disinfected and bedded with clean straw. If the weather is suitable it would be better to allow the mare to foal out in the field, for there is less chance of infection from the earth than from the dirty bedding of a common stall. Very soon after the foal is dropped, or as soon as possible, the stump of the broken cord should be disinfected. To do this put the solution mentioned above in a wide mouthed small bottle, and holding the young animal, immerse the raw stump of the cord in the solution. It should be kept there for several minutes. If the animal is held still and the well filled bottle pressed tightly against the body, allowing the broken stump to be immersed in the solution, the disinfection is easily accomplished. This should be done every day for several days. The only way to safeguard the new-born foal against this dangerous disease is to take every known preventive measure.

## THE GARDEN

**Currant Bush Treatment.**

Currant bushes should be dusted with white hellebore of Paris green; or sprayed with a decoction of hellebore at the first appearance of the worms.

The cut worm is one of the first pests to appear, and kills cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers, squashes, melons, corn, tomatoes and peas. In case of plants that are transplanted, wrap with a collar of stiff paper extending two or three inches below ground and an inch or more above the surface, and dig out the worm, which will be found just below the surface near the cut plant. Air-slaked lime may be spread over the surrounding soil. Cutworms practically disappear by July. The white grub destroys the young peas and corn and should be treated as the cutworm.

**Quality of Vegetables.**

To many people the word quality has little meaning when applied to vegetables, but there is a decided difference both in quality of different varieties and in the same variety grown under different conditions. Take Alaska or Peter Blue peas and, after tasting them, try a dish of the sweet varieties, like American Wonder or others akin, and you will readily admit "there is a difference."

Similarly the stringless pod bean is so far superior to varieties like the Valentine that there is no comparison. Those who have not set their teeth in an ear of rich corn like the Country Gentleman and others as good, may be satisfied to eat field corn, and when selling I expect more. There is little or no waste when vegetables of good quality are put on the table, as each person eats his portion.

I have been surpised to see that many who grow vegetables for the market pay no attention to securing the best varieties to plant. They seem to think that anything will pass; that the consumer does not know the difference. Nevertheless when selling direct it is an easy matter to build up a demand for your vegetables when quality is your foundation. We have demonstrated this in our own experience time and again; such customers become discriminating and you can count on them as long as you keep up your standard of quality.

You must furnish the right kind of soil and cultivate it right or you will not produce the right quality of vegetables from even the best varieties. Rank stable manure applied directly to vegetables growing edible roots will insure failure. If some such fertilizer must be used, apply it to those varieties producing edible seed—such as corn, peas, beans, okra, etc. The next class are those whose leaves are eaten—lettuce, spinach, cabbage and the like, but for all such as first named nitrate of soda or other commercial plant food, rich in nitrogen, is preferable.

Potash in some form is indispensible to quality in all vegetables, even those requiring the most nitrogen. Celery, spinach, cabbage and lettuce must be fed with potash to be crisp and to have an abundance of their own distinctive sweet flavor. Wood ashes will supply potash, if available in sufficient quantity, and the lime therein contained will correct acidity, but a few hundred pounds of sulphate of potash applied at the rate of 200 to 400 pounds per acre, in truck patch and garden, will do wonders, and has the advantage of being easily secured with little outlay of money.

Besides having the soil rich to induce rapid growth, which always counts in securing the best quality, we must cultivate well to hurry the plants to maturity. The neglected plant is of slow and stunted growth, and texture of root, stalk and leaves becomes tough and flavor bitter, or an exaggerated amount of the peculiar taste belonging to the plant is present. Inasmuch as all these things affecting quality are under the control of the grower, he is master of the situation, if he but wills.—D. C. Cornman in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

## LIVE STOCK

**Hogs and Concrete.**

One writer declares that if there are any two things that can be associated together on the farm with profit, it is hogs and concrete. The value of a good herd has already been demonstrated to most farmers, but there are still some who contend that concrete is too expensive to be of use on the farm.

The question of whether the live stock farmer should use concrete in constructing various appliances is not a question of expense, but a question of whether it will render good service. Serviceability and not expense should always be the question to ask yourself.

For farmers of limited means concrete may be rather expensive, but we have observed that those who are making use of it on their farms have not lost anything. They are the prosperous men of their profession, having better animals, better service and better appearing houses and grounds than others. The fact that they are prosperous does not mean that they use concrete because they are prosperous, but it means that they are prosperous because they use concrete.

There are many different uses to which concrete may be put for the live stock farmer. Tanks, troughs, well platforms, feeding floors, silos, fence posts, floors and many other things are profitably constructed with concrete.

It has been said that the amount of feed saved in five years' feeding on concrete feeding floors is sufficient to pay the original cost of construction. Such things are worth thinking about.

## POULTRY

**Experience With Geese.**

My experience in raising geese covers a space of 25 or 30 years. I commenced when a little girl, so far back I can scarcely remember. I like to work with all kinds of poultry, yet for several reasons I would rather raise geese than anything else. They are easy to raise, not being subject to many diseases, requiring but little feed except grass and getting their growth in six or eight weeks, when they are full feathered and ready to pick. When I first raised geese, for years I had just the old fashioned geese. The males were white and the females gray or spotted gray and white. They averaged only about ten pounds when full grown. On the home farm was a creek running through the pasture near the house, and made an ideal place for geese. They can successfully be raised with water supplied in vessels or troughs, yet it is more convenient where one has a natural stream, for there they not only get water to drink and bathe in, but sand and gravel for grit, also bugs, flies, worms, small fish and frogs. This supplies the necessary animal food.

I usually kept eight females and two males. A goose as a rule will lay from 10 to 15 eggs, sometimes as many as 20. I tried to have the geese raise all the goslings as they take much better care of them and for a longer period. I kept the eggs in a cool place and turned them every two or three days, until two or more geese began sitting, then I set as many eggs as I could under the geese and chicken hens, too, giving the geese from nine to eleven eggs, and the hens from five to seven, owing to size of eggs and how good a nest they had. When hatched I gave the goslings all to the geese. That old idea of goose eggs having to be set on the ground, or if not possible must put a piece of sod in the bottom of the nest, and if under hens must be sprinkled every so often, is entirely false.

After the goslings are hatched and strong enough I take them off of the nest and put them in a pen of good size made of one foot boards on a grassy spot and fix a cover at one end for protection from sun and rain and give them a pan of water, corn meal or cracked corn as soon as they will eat. When they are a few days old I let them out of the pen, but keep the mother in a yard or lot where there is plenty of grass and shade, until the goslings are a week or more old. Then I allow them to go to the creek where they need no more care only to bring up at night and to look after when a big rain comes, for young goslings drown very easily. It is best to have a shed or some place of protection for rainy times.

I sold my old fashioned geese, and next year bought some Toulouse or dry land geese as they were supposed to do all right with only water to drink like a chicken, but they died for me. I had ten goslings to hatch, nine came out all right, but one, a large sized gosling, was very weak. A friend advised me to give it milk to drink, which I did, and it grew stronger and stronger until I let it go with the geese. I resolved then that next year all of my goslings should have milk to drink. I gave them milk to drink from the start and raised all that hatched. I dare say that if one did not have the milk that some of the animal foods on the market would do just as well. Last year I purchased a pair of Embden geese. I hatched and raised six, four geese and two ganders. These I sold before Thanksgiving and they weighed 17 pounds each. Of all the geese I have had these are the finest. Their plumage is so beautiful and white and they are so large.—Mrs. H., of Indiana, in The Farmer's Guide.

## THE ORCHARD

**Pear Blight.**

Pear blight, or fire blight, is causing considerable loss to orchard owners at the present time. The scourge of pears, apples and plums is known by a variety of names, as blossoms blight, twig blight, fire blight, fruit blight, canker, etc.

The symptoms are too well known to most orchardists. The most striking symptom is the twig or limb being covered with brown leaves, contrasting sharply with the bright green foliage of surrounding branches. In winter it is recognized by the presence of the brown leaves adhering to the affected branches. The leaves look as if they had been scorched by fire and it is from this that the name fire blight was originated.

The disease is due to bacteria that enter the tender parts to the tree. These bacteria live over winter in the cankered areas found on the trunks and limbs of trees affected the previous season. During the blooming period they are carried from these cankered areas to the flowers by bees and various other insects. The bacteria work down through the flower into the host and cause the dying twigs as noticed on the affected trees. The fact that the bacteria work entirely within the host explains why it cannot be controlled by any spray or wash that may be applied.

There are two methods of controlling the disease in affected trees. The first is to cut out and burn all diseased branches, and the second is to keep trees growing slowly.

It is absolutely necessary that the orchard be gone over several times during the winter and all suspicious branches removed. If this practice is carefully followed there will be no affected limbs in the spring. The trees should also be watched very closely during the growing period and the diseased branches cut out whenever noticed. Every tree should be inspected at least once a week during the growing season, beginning first as soon as the blossoms begin to fall. It is a good plan to rub off with the hands from the trunks and main limbs all blossoms, fruit spurs and watersprouts as soon as they start. This will prevent the formation of all limb and body cankers and save a great deal of work another season. Whenever a limb is removed, cut at least six to 10 inches below the blighted area so as to avoid any chance of the disease starting anew.

All the tools used in removing the branches should be thoroughly disinfected after a cut is made. For this purpose crude carbolic acid or alcohol may be used.

The "tree doctor" who claims to be able to prevent blight by inoculating trees with some patent compound should not be given a chance to try his art. It is a fake, as there is no so-called remedy that has proved effectual. In many cases harm has come from its use. If the diseased areas are carefully removed and destroyed and the trees kept from growing too rapidly the disease may be kept in control.—J. H. Carmody, Kentucky Experiment Station.

Before entrusting the setting of eggs with the broody hen, see that she is broody. Do not be in too much of a hurry. Let the broody fever hold her well in its grip and then if she seems ready to sit tight give her the eggs. The hen that tightens her wings on the china eggs and grips the hand when placed beneath her is the one to use.

**BEGAN YOUNG**

**Had "Coffee Nerves" from Youth.**

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the last six months," writes a Texas girl.

"I had been exceedingly nervous, thin and very sallow. After quiting coffee and drinking Postum about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a Primary teacher and have kept right on with my work.

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was something I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even though this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum.

"Before beginning its use I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers, who were visiting me, to use Postum a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled.)

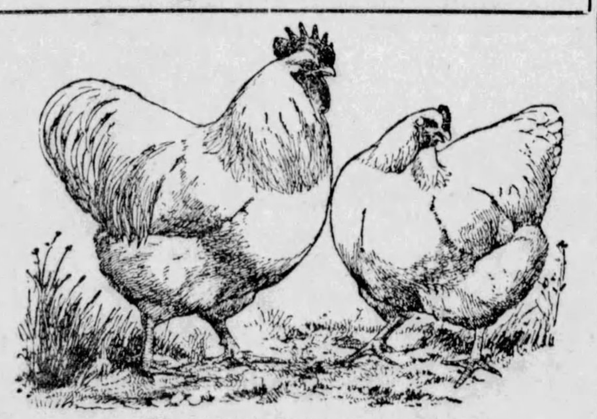
Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

# Enough for a Good Meal



SINGLE COMB WHITE ORPINGTONS

This is one of several varieties of the all-purpose fowl which originated in England, first introduced in 1889. It was several years later that it reached America. The fowls when mature weigh seven to eight pounds for females and 8½ to 10 pounds for males. The hens are rated as good layers of large tinted eggs, and will become broody, set, hatch and rear their chicks. They stand confinement remarkably well and give satisfactory results either on free range or in limited space.

# GUINEA FOWL NEED LAND FOR ROAMING

## They Develop Quickly and Young Soon Learn to Make Own Living.

To be successful in raising guinea fowl one must have a good sized area of land for the birds to roam over and this should preferably be farm land on which grain is raised a part of the year. Like turkeys, it is practically impossible to raise guineas in confinement, as they are of a semi-wild nature, and if left to their own devices will live in a practically wild state. There is little danger, however, of their roaming off and failing to return home at nightfall, as after becoming accustomed to a place they invariably return to it to roost unless caught and held captive.

Guineas are remarkably hardy, and the little ones unless allowed to roam about in the wet are active little birds and develop rapidly. After the first two weeks their troubles are practically over and they rapidly become independent of their owner in the matter of getting a living. The meat of the guinea broiler is particularly delicious and owing to the scarcity of game throughout the country the guinea fowl often takes the place of game in hotels and high class restaurants.

As regards egg production, the guinea hen is unsurpassed during her laying season by any variety of fowl. They rarely ever miss a day and their eggs, which are slightly smaller than hens' eggs, are fine in flavor and excellent for cake making. They begin laying at any time after the first of May in this section, and continue usually throughout August. If, however, the eggs are allowed to remain in the nest the hens become broody much sooner than they would otherwise, and a hen will attempt to cover three or four times as many eggs as she can hatch. When a nest is found the eggs should not all be moved, as if this is done the guinea will find a new place to lay. On finding a nest the eggs should be removed with a spoon and five or six hens' eggs placed in it to take the place of the guinea eggs removed. Then each day the egg laid should be removed.

Common hens should be used to hatch and rear the young guineas up to the time the grass and grains are harvested because of the extra eggs the guinea hens will lay up to that time. The earlier hatched ones reared by hens are much tamer than those brooded by their guinea mother. The later hatched ones bring a good price in the market as broilers when weighing from one and one-quarter to two pounds each. No variety of poultry hatches so well as the guinea. The eggs never become dry when hatching and consequently the chick is never stuck to the shell. The time required for hatching the eggs is said to be four weeks, but by the end of the end of the 26th day the little guineas begin "hopping" out.

It is not necessary unless in a very severe climate to house guineas. In some climates they roost all the year round in the trees. Should there be a severe storm they should be driven into the poultry houses for a few days until the weather moderates, but at all other times they do much better out of doors.

If one goes near the nest the male sets up a cry of alarm. The hen usually strolls off to lay about noon time or soon thereafter, and as they carefully conceal the nests on leaving them the only way is to watch where they go at laying time and look for the male guinea. If he is found standing about a particular spot it will be found out later examination that the hen's nest is in that vicinity.

When the little ones hatch out the best food is grass seed of various kinds, such as is fanned out of clover seed before sowing the clover seed, also chick food and cracked wheat. They require a great deal of water and when the water pans are empty they will come as near the house as they can and call "good luck" until water is brought them. The adult birds practically "board themselves" by picking up their living in wandering about over the farm.

The feathers of guineas, especially the pearl variety, are very beautiful, and if properly cared for bring a very good return when sold for millinery purposes. Entire hats are sometimes made of the feathers from the pearl or speckled variety. Along with her many other good qualities the guinea fowl is a most excellent watch dog for the farm. If there is the slightest disturbance about the place during the night they set up such a racket as to awaken any one, and keep at it until everything has quieted down.

## THE DAIRY

**The Poor Cow.**

The Nebraska station has recently issued a bulletin on the poor cow. This bulletin is the result of an investigation into the number of cows in that state that do not produce milk enough to pay for their keeping. The number amounts to 200,000 out of 700,000, nearly one-third of all the cows in the state at large. Suppose these Nebraska farmers were compelled by law to waste their labor and feed every year on a worthless third of all their cows. What a howl they would make against such an unrighteous law and such oppressive taxation. Yet, like thousands of other farming communities in this country, they submit to the rule of the poor cow and apparently rejoice in it.

Just one thing is at the bottom of such a condition: ignorance. The great mass of those farmers never spend a full day in all their lives in study of what either a good cow or a poor cow means to their future. There is a woeful amount of this ignorance prevailing among farmers where you would expect better intelligence. The poor cow flourishes on ignorance, but you cannot keep her on the farm of the man who proposes to know what a cow is for.

It is a curious thing, this fascination that a poor cow has for the average farmer. He sticks to her, suffers for her, wastes his labor and fodder on her and bravely stubs along behind her, a most willing slave to all her demands.

The invention of the sun dial is generally attributed to a Grecian astronomer who died about 547 B. C. The dial was followed by the hourglass, and this by the water clock, which marked time by the escape of water through an orifice. These were introduced into Rome about 158 B. C., but are believed to have been in use in Chaldea and Egypt for a hundred years previous to that date.

## Swat the Fly

The fly is a nuisance besides being a carrier of infectious diseases, and the attempt to exterminate it needs no justification. How one can make one's home, in town or city, flyless is described by C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. He says the American public spends $10,000,000 a year for window and door screens in a futile attempt to exclude an insect which insists on getting into the house every time the doors are opened. He believes the method of swatting the flies, using fly-paper, indoor traps or poisons is ineffective, but it may help. His method is to make use of the cynical wire-mesh fly-trap, which is familiar to almost everyone, in such a way as to turn the tables on the flies and "put them in jail and let ourselves out." The plan involves the abolition as far as possible of all breeding and feeding places, and the application of the fly-trap mentioned above to the garbage can, screens on windows, covers on manure bins, etc., all of which can be done by a little mechanical ingenuity. In fighting the fly Mr. Hodge has found that the essentials of a successful campaign are to transfer the fight from the house to outdoors and then to exterminate them. Another essential feature in town or city is that households must co-operate. One ignorant or careless home can breed flies enough to vitiate the best endeavors of a whole town. Hodge has succeeded in his neighborhood in practically eliminating flies; he uses no screens in windows and doors, and can sit out doors or have the windows and doors open at any time without molestation. As flies begin to breed early in the spring, and as they breed with marvelous rapidity, the time to begin the fly campaign is right now.

## Fruit Canning

The canning season begins with the month of June. Every housewife is busy canning, preserving and pickling from June until cold weather. Some complain of having so much fruit to spoil after it has been canned. Of course, it is the way in which it has been canned or perhaps the fruit was not as fresh as it might have been. Or, shall I say it, perhaps the cans have been treated thus: A certain lady empties the fruit out of the cans, when she wishes to have fruit during the winter, and then puts them out on the fence without washing them. There they hang until she is ready to refill them, then she washes them.

I use glass jars entirely. Some prefer tin cans for tomatoes and peaches, and say they do not keep in glass. But they certainly do, if canned right and kept in a dark place. I have no cellar so I wrap the cans with newspaper and cover them with old carpet or something of that kind.

Glass cans should be washed as soon as emptied and then put out in the sun when spring comes. Glass cans can be used for many years and I am certain they are safer than the tin ones. The most important part of canning is to have the rubber, lids and outside of the can clean, hot and dry when sealing. I have seen women seal a can and then turn it upside down and leave it stand that way, thus wetting the rubber and causing it not to stick to can and lid. If the rubber and lid are good and the fruit is hot when canned there need be no loss. I have canned fruit ever since I was a little girl and have had excellent success.—Mrs. C., in The Farmer's Guide.

**You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.**

## THRESHES GRAIN IN FIELD

**New Machine Invented by Kansas Man.**

A machine that threshes standing grain in the field, without cutting, has been invented by Curtis C. Baldwin, of Nickerson, Kan. Four horses push the machine over the field, and a small gasoline engine drives the thresher, according to a description published in the Kansas City Star. Only two men are required to operate it; one drives the horse and the other ties the sacks of threshed grain and looks after the engine. A machine was made and tried last summer in a wheat field. It threshed from 25 to 30 acres in a day of 10 hours. The principle of the machine is very simple. A strong blast of air from a revolving fan is blown against the standing grain and forces it against a toothed cylinder, which threshes off the grain, depositing it in a trough, from which it is elevated by an augur to another toothed cylinder, which rethreshes it. The chaff is blown out and the clean grain falls into a sack, or may be carried through a tube into a wagon driven alongside. The inventor thinks that this machine will revolutionize the harvesting business of the plains states. It will reduce the waste to a minimum, because the grain is threshed directly from the growing stalk and every seed is saved. It will do away with the hiring of extra help in the harvest season and the call for men who cannot always be had. It will save the farmer's wife the extra work of cooking for a large force of threshing hands. It will reduce the cost of the harvest from about 14 cents to 2 cents a bushel. It will leave the grain stalks standing in the field to be plowed under as fertilizer instead of leaving it in stacks to be burned. Baldwin, the inventor, is a young man who has made a study of threshing machines since he was a boy. When he was 12 years old he worked as a water hauler for a threshing outfit, and when he was 18 he invented this machine and built a rough model of it. He experimented for three years before he got his machine to work, and then he patented it. In 1911 a machine was tried in the field, but it did not work satisfactorily, and last year another was built, which did the work. Now a company has been formed and a competent engineer has been engaged to redesign the machine on good mechanical lines.

## "Comin' Through the Rye."

Kentville Chronicle.

Probably very few persons understand the expression Comin' Through the Rye. There is in Scotland a small stream called the Rye. The girls forded it going to church, school and to market, and as the water was a foot or two deep they had to hold their skirts up. The boys would meet them in midstream and kiss them without any difficulty, as the girls couldn't drop their skirts to make any resistance. That's what the poet meant when he wrote Comin' Through the Rye, but most people think he meant a field of rye.

# CHILD BROKE OUT ALL OVER BODY

## Small Ulcers on Face, Head and Arms. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Two Weeks Skin as if Nothing Had Been the Matter.

Leesville, Ohio.—"One of my little girls when four months old was vaccinated and broke out in small ulcers all over her body.

There were a great many on her face, head and arms, particularly at first. They rose like bladders of water and every place her clothes happened to touch and break them, they got irritated and would rise in a mass. I can assure you it looked very unsightly and also made her awful sad cross and kept her from sleeping very long at a time, day and night. They must have pained her very much as she was ill of a work while sleeping and mostly woke up crying.

"I had read about the good Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment had done for other little ones, so I decided to give them a trial and in two weeks' time my little girl's skin was as clean as if nothing had been the matter with it.

"Two summers ago my husband broke out all over his arms, shoulders and legs with eczema. Every time he washed or sweat a little it would burn and get as red as fire. He finally got two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They completely cured him." (Signed) Mrs. M. J. Tooze, Mar. 28, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Shaving—Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

# LOCUM SURVIVORS MEET

## Tenth Anniversary of Terrible Disaster Observed in New York.

New York, June 16.—The ninth anniversary of the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum in which hundreds of persons lost their lives is being observed as usual by the survivors of the disaster. Yesterday, the exact date of the anniversary, more than 2,000 persons gathered in the Lutheran cemetery around the monument erected to mark the graves of the unidentified dead and joined in singing "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God to Thee." A feature of the occasion was a chorus of survivors, who were youths and maidens at the time of the disaster, now grown to manhood and womanhood.

# WEDS DRUNKARD; NO DIVORCE

## Kansas Judge Says Women Assume and Must Retain Responsibility.

Pittsburg, Kan., June 16.—If a girl marries a man who drinks to reform him, she has a lifetime contract, whether she succeeds in reforming him or not, according to a rule laid down by Judge Andrew J. Curran in the district court here in the trial of a divorce action. "Any girl who marries a man that drinks has no right to expect defense from an intolerable condition which she has voluntarily laid herself liable to suffer," the judge declared.


21 RUBY JEWEL $25 GOLD WATCH $3.95

The watch you have always wanted—sent to you without your sending any money to us—but even for a repair. Write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, and we will send this twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin model, American made, beautifully engraved watch for free examination and test. If you are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a $25.00 gold watch, pay only $3.95 and the watch is yours. Write today.

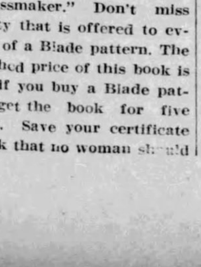
Drexel Jewelry Co., Dept. 46, Chicago


# BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

**The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.**

**Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.**

**6247.—Girls' Middy Blouse.**



A combination of the middy and the Balkan styles is here shown. There is the drop shoulder and the open neck, with ornamental collar, short sleeves and wide belt. Linen, piqué, crepe, silk, cotton goods of all kinds are used for these frocks.

The dress pattern, 6247, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material.

**6264—Boys' Overalls.**



The genuine article with straps in the back and a single seam down the front. The knees may be left straight or gathered in as bloomers. Gingham, duck and galatea are good materials for this garment.

The overalls pattern 6264 is cut in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yds. of 27 inch material.

**6141—Boys' Dress.**



A simple Russian blouse suit with a diagonal closing and a handsome sailor collar and shield at the neck. The sleeves may be long or short. Linen, duck, gingham, light serge and the like are used for these suits.

The suit pattern 6141 is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yds. of 36 in. material.

## HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

**5917—Ladies' House Dress.**



Simple house dress which may be made with the yoke or without it. Closed in front. Consists of front and back, sleeve, collar, belt and wristband. A good style for gingham, lawn, challie, etc., and may be trimmed with contrasting bands.

The dress pattern 5917 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inch bust measure. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36 inch material.

**6124—Ladies' Four Gored Skirt.**



A closely fitting model, measuring 2½ yards around the lower edge. Front and back are in panel effect. The waistline may be raised or regulation, as preferred. This design is good for tailor materials, for linen, challie and satin.

The skirt pattern 6124 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material.

**6061—Misses' Dress.**



Simple frock for a young girl, suitable for linen, gingham, satine, eponge and similar fabrics. The blouse may have raised or regulation waistline. The skirt is cut with three gores.

The dress pattern 6061 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

# BUILDS CASTLES AS HE NEARS END

## William Dunn Made More Money by Brush Than He Could as a Crook.

New York, June 13.—Word comes from Dannemora prison that William Dunn, artist by temperament, burglar and highwayman because, as he said, he could not control his impulses toward crime, is dying there of tuberculosis. As is common with sufferers from that disease, his mind at every rally builds castles for the future, all based on an honest life; but Dr. Ransom, the hospital physician, says that the last stage has been reached and that he may die any day.

Many families in the upper part of the city have on their walls examples of Dunn's art. Although uninstructed in any school, he had the knack of reproducing familiar objects in faithful likeness, and his pencil and brush earned him an easy living when he chose to employ them. He would paint roses, looking as if fresh picked, on a common thin-wood holder, the kind on which butter is trayed, and they were eagerly bought. Whenever he tried more lasting work, purchasers seemed almost equally eager to buy at better prices. He never lacked a market when he wanted it, but he has spent 21 of his 37 years in prison, due to his inability to resist the lure of crime.

In prison his work has been as prolific as circumstances would permit. The keepers have let him keep pencils in his cell and sometimes colors. There was no market there and when he made his sketches he gave them freely to other prisoners. One of them a picture in colors of the Virgin, was retained by the warden, who framed it and hung it in the prison chapel.

It attracted the attention of Governor Dix on a visit to the prison shortly before the end of his term of office. When Warden Kaiser informed him that a prisoner had painted it the governor said he would like to see him. Dunn was brought forward. His disease had already marked him.

"Did you paint that picture?" the governor asked.

"I did," Dunn replied timidly.

"You are too good a man to be in jail," the governor said, "and I will see that you get out."

Other affairs must have driven the incident from the governor's mind, for nothing came of it.

Dunn began his present term of 10 years in Dannemora in November, 1911. For some time before that he had occupied a basement room in the Salvation Army employment agency in Thirteenth street, west of Sixth avenue, where Envoy Thomas Anderson, who looks after discharged prisoners, had fitted him out with working material. Every night Anderson took the day's collection of sketches and colors to meetings where he spoke, told the story of the prisoner who was trying to get on his feet, and let the audience carry the work away, leaving for it whatever money they liked.

Good returns were coming in daily by this means, when suddenly and without warning, Dunn failed to appear in his basement studio. On Anderson's regular visit to the Tombs the next Friday Dunn was there.

"What was the matter?" the envoy asked.

"I couldn't help it; I always told you I couldn't help it," Dunn answered.

"Weren't you doing well, and didn't we treat you nicely?"

"Yes; I must be insane," said Dunn. "I made much more honestly than I could expect to get in any other way. Crime is in my blood, I think. I always come to my senses when it is too late; so don't talk religion to me."

"I did not talk religion to him then or at any other time," Anderson says. "When I gave him the basement for a studio he said that perhaps after a while he would feel like attending some of our meetings, but we never mentioned religion. I believe that his last crime was holding up a man in the street. He got nothing by that act, but was sentenced as an habitual criminal. He had served 11 years and 9 months in the Rhode Island state prison and two years in Auburn, to my knowledge.

"His was as curious a case as I have met in an experience of 20 years with prisoners. My belief is that men convicted of crime can 'come back' and lead useful, honest lives, but Dunn seems to furnish an exception to that rule."

"I feel lonesome and forsaken," Dunn wrote to Envoy Anderson in one of his depressed moods, in a letter received only a few days ago. "You know that I am a man who has not seen a Christmas outside of a prison for 21 years—that I am not a healthy man. Consequently, whenever I leave prison, having no place to go and being without funds and unable to do manual work, I naturally drift back to crime. Do not think me ungrateful for your past kindness to me. I am well aware that you cannot do anything for me, but having no one to correspond with, it naturally does my heart good to receive a letter from you.

"I hope you will kindly excuse the absence of any religious sentiment in this letter. I hope I may be spared to regain my liberty and, if possible, one more chance to show the world that I have not lived my life in vain after all. A letter in prison to a lonely soul who has not a friend in all the world is a gift of Paradise itself."

# SERVIAN MONARCH TO WRITE MEMOIRS

## King Peter Will Give Own Version of Tragedy Which Gave Him Throne.

London, June 13.—Publishers who of late seem to have become crazed for memoirs by members of royal families which involve other royal personages, have failed completely to persuade the Empress Eugenie to provide them with what would have been the most interesting volume of all.

Every possible effort, direct and indirect, has been brought to bear on the aged empress to persuade her to give her reminiscences to the world. Members of her household who are closest in her confidence and even near relatives acting on the stimulus of the publishers have been trying, even to within the last few days, to persuade her that it is an obligation which she owes to posterity to give out these reminiscences. But in each case the empress kindly but firmly dismissed the suggestion.

Another royal author, however, is expected to come forth this fall in the person of King Peter of Servia, who has diplomatically hinted through a third party to several prominent publishers that he is not averse to writing his memoirs. It is known that he seriously wishes to do this, mainly for the purpose of giving the world his own version of the tragedy which placed him on his blood stained throne. He feels that in book form he could justify his own conduct and clear his own reputation. He could also demonstrate the development and progress of Servia since he became King. The Servian monarch, however, is still hesitating as to whether it would be more advisable to become an author under his own name or entrust the writing of his memoirs to another, at the same time allowing it to be understood, that the book is authoritative.

Countess Laritch, revelling in the sensation created by her autobiography, "My Past," in which she insists that Archduke John of Austria, who assumed the name of John Orth, is still alive, and tells about the scandal surrounding the suicide of Ludwig II.

She hopes to follow up her success by dealing with the court of Bavaria. She has told her publisher that she intends to begin to write in September, having already marshaled her material. She indicates in the outline sent to the publisher that she will tell the full story of the madness and tragedy in that little kingdom.

## LEPER RIDES ALL ALONE

### Has Baggage Car to Himself on Way to Colony.

San Francisco, June 16.—A. Kaolwi, a Filipino navy mess boy, left the Mare island navy yard last night, the sole tenant of a baggage car en route to Seattle on the first leg of a trip to the leper colony in the Hawaiian islands.

Kaolwi, who was serving on the battleship Connecticut six months ago when the nature of his disease first was suspected, was brought across the continent and held here for observation.

Surgeons at Seattle will confirm the diagnosis before Kaolwi is taken to Hawaii on the army transport.

## SEVEN ENTER BALLOON RACE

### Will Start in Elimination Contest at Kansas City July 4.

Kansas City, Mo., June 11.—Seven pilots have decided definitely to enter the national elimination balloon race which will start here July 4. The list as announced tonight by George M. Meyers, president of the local Aero Club, follows:

Albert Holz, Cincinnati Aero Club, balloon Drifter.

Capt. John Berry, Million Population Club, St. Louis.

William Assman, St. Louis Aero Club, balloon Miss Sofia II.

Paul McCullough, St. Louis Aero Club, Atherholt, Philadelphia Club.

John Watts, Kansas City Aero Club, ballon Kansas City II.

Mr. Meyers said that Capt. Honeywell probably would enter the contest, making four entries from St. Louis, Joy E. Donaldson, of Springfield, Ills., and Dr. L. F. Cutler, of Dayton, O., are probable contestants. Mr. Meyers said the New York Aero Club expected to be represented in the race.

### British Aviator Killed.

London, July 14.—Lieut. James B. R. Kennedy of the naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed and C. Gordon Bell seriously injured in the fall of a monoplane near the Brooklands aerodrome yesterday.

## Figures Largely in Mine Investigation

Cherleston, W. Va., June 14.—Governor Hatfield is figuring to a considerable extent in the investigation which a United States senate committee is making into conditions in the Paint and Cabin Creek mine district. The martial law under which a part of the state was kept for so long is a matter which concerns the governor vitally. He has refused to give the committee certain records of the disposition of martial law cases for which it asked.

### BRYAN TO CARRY A DINNER BUCKET

**Washington, June 14.—Secretary of State Bryan, inventor of "grape juice diplomacy," has announced that beginning next week he would carry a lunch basket down with him mornings. "Mrs. Bryan has already bought the basket," the Commoner declared. "I figure I can save about an hour's time by eating my lunch in the office, and also I can do a little dieting."**

## BOOTS "INSIDIOUS LOBBYIST"

### Assistant Superintendent of Senate Document Room Kicks Man Out.

Washington, June 14.—"An insidious lobbyist" who didn't tell his name was literally kicked out of the senate document room today.

"I'll help the President get rid of insidious lobbyists," was the exclamation of R. M. Cooper, assistant superintendent of the document committee, as he booted a tall, recalcitrant man through the door. The victim of the booting, who after a short resistance, fled down the capitol steps, had been abusing employes because they did not furnish him with some printed documents relating to indigo tariff rates, printed only for the finance committee.

Assistant Superintendant Cooper said this morning he told him he had been causing trouble and ordered him to leave.

"He stepped into the room," said Cooper "and threw his hand back toward his hip pocket. Then I kicked him into the hall and away. That's one way to handle such lobbyists."

## $25,000 BULL IS DEAD

### Parent Won Prize at World's Fair; Death From Senility.

Jackson, Mich., June 14—Grand Champion Foxhall Jubilee, son of the famous world's fair Jersey, died on Thursday. The animal was valued at $25,000 and had attracted the attention of breeders all over the world. On many occasion foreign breeders have visited the Probert farms and made fabulous offers for Jubilee. Old age is given as the cause of death.

# MRS. AVA ASTOR LOSES

## Never Colonel's Widow, Forfeits Right in Estate.

New York, June 14.—The estate of Col. John Jacob Astor, who perished in the Titanic disaster, was officially appraised yesterday afternoon at close to $88,000,000, of which Vincent Astor receives $68,964,499, Mrs. Madeline Force Astor, $7,678,89*; Muriel Astor $4,856,758, and John Jacob Astor, son by his second marriage, $2,922,672.

The estate is declared to be the largest ever appraised in thsi country.

One is the affidavit of the examiners that the property embraced in the antenuptial agreement for Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, amounting to about $1,738,000, which was to have reverted to her at the time of her husband's death, now terminates and goes to Vincent Astor for the reason that the youth's mother, although once Col. Astor's wife, was never his widow. Mrs. Ava Willing Astor divorced her husband, whose legal widow is Mrs. Madeline Force Astor.

The estate paid $3,150,000 to the state last October, which greatly exceeds any amount ever paid to any state as an inheritance tax, it is declared.

The appraisers placed the real estate value at about $63,100,000 and the value of the personal property close onto $25,000,000.

Including both real and personal property the estate is divided approximately as follows. Owned by J. J. Astor absolutely $51,300,000.

Life interest under trust funds established by William Astor, $33,240,000.

Ante-nuptial trust, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor $1,738,000 (which reverts to Vincent Astor).

Two ante-nuptial trusts, Mrs. Madeline Force Astor, totatling $1,450,000.

Property in trust created by William Astor, life interest.

**Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.**

## AVIATOR PLUNGES 1,000 FEET

Lisbon, June 14.—A Portuguese aviator named Manfo was killed today through the collapse of his aeroplane when he was flying at a height of 1,000 feet. Machine and aviator plunged to the earth together and he was found dead in the debris.

# STOOD MINER IN FRONT OF A GUN

## West Virginian Gives Testimony Before Senate Committee.

Charleston, W. Va., June 14.—Luther Hudnall, a miner, was a witness today before the senate investigating comimttee. He told of his treatment by mine guards during the martial law period.

"During the day they stood me in front of the gatling gun," he said, "and at night they locked me in a box car."

"Were you frightened when you were in front of the gatling gun?" asked Senator Kenyon.

"I never thought I'd get home no more," said the miner.

Hudnall said that the guards told him they wanted "to hold an inquest" over a dead man.

**Wife Was Afraid.**

"My wife begged them not to take me," he said, "and they taken a hold of me."

"They taken ahold of my wife, too, because she hung on me."

He was shown the body of a dead man who he was told was Stringer, the mine guard killed at Holly Grove. He took no part in any inquest, and was never accused of participating in the killing of Stringer. The witness named a group of men who were lined up before the gatling gun with him, and said that 22 men were locked up in the box car. There were no sanitary accommodations, Senator Martin elicited, and the men were kept in the car that night.

"You've seen cattle packed in cars that way, haven't you?" asked Senator Martin.

"Yes, sir, just that a-way."

Edd Bragg, a deputy sheriff, said that for nine years prior to the strike he had been able to maintain law and order on Paint Creek single-handed.

Senator Kenyon has said that he believed in order to arrive at a right conclusion as to the causes which brought about "war conditions" in the strike zone it will be necessary for the committee to have at its disposal evidence of the financial basis upon which the mines are operated.

**Takes Deep Interest.**

Senator Kenyon has taken a deep interest in the investigation and his visit to the mine territory Thursday whetted his desire for information. He said today that if he could possibly find time after the committee concluded its hearings here he intended to spend several days, possibly a week, in the strike zone unattended, making a personal examination of how the miners live and work.

The committee hoped to be able to conclude today, the examination of witnesses called by the miners in relation to conditions on Paint and Cabin Creeks and to proceed on Monday with the presentation of evidence to be introduced by the operators.

# CALLS OPERATION ON HEART EASY

## Dr. Carrel Says Research Proves Circulation Can Be Stopped Ten Minutes.

Paris, June 13.—Surgical research has proved that operations in the thoracic cavity can be performed as easily as in the abdomen, according to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York.

In the course of a lecture today at the Beaujon hospital in Paris the Nobel prize winer declared that experiments on animals had demonstrated the heart to be an organ of great resistance and that it does not suffer harm if the circulation is interrupted for five or even 10 minutes.

The brain, however, said Dr. Carrel, is more delicate and may not be interrupted for more than three or four minutes, which, nevertheless, gives time for the accomplishment of much surgical work.

## ROOSEVELT MAY CIRCLE GLOBE

### May Extend Trip to Argentina Into Two-Year Tour.

New York, June 16.—When Col. Roosevelt goes to the Argentine Republic on a lecture trip in the fall he may extend it to a trip around the world, which will keep him away from America for two years.

There was a rumor today which could not be confirmed that the colonel had made up his mind to lecture in all the South American republics, and then go to Australia, and from there to China, Japan and Russia.

If the colonel takes the trip he will not return until late in the fall of 1915, which is not many months before the time when candidates will be nominated for the presidency in 1916.

## MULE'S KICK CAUSES BLAST

Dillonvale, June 16. — Four men were probably fatally injured at the No. 3 mine of the Jefferson Coal Co. near Pine Fork today when a keg of powder exploded. A kick of a mule which came in contact with an electric wire made a spark that connected with the powder and the explosion followed.

## Moving Day in The Hall of Fame

Washington, June 16.—This is "moving day" for John C. Calhoun, Peter Muhlenberg, Lewis Cass, of Michigan, and other celebrated statues of great men in statuary hall at the capitol. The "all-hands-'round" movement was made necessary by the arrival of another addition to the group of America's immortals. This was the statue of Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan.

"It's sure tough on us," complained a capitol guide, as he watched the perspiring workmen pull and haul the statues into different position. "We'll have to learn the layout of all these of guys all over again!"

The work did not proceed without friction. A band of Kansans almost raised the roof of the capitol with their protests when they discovered that John J. Ingalls had been relegated somewhat to the rear. They finally were pacified by Supt. Elliott Woods. It is expected the work will be completed by tonight.

# PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Philip heard the outlaw burst into a snatch of wild forest song as he pulled down a dead stub.

"Seems good to have comp'ny," he said, when he came back with his load. "My God, do you know I've never felt quite like this—so easy and happy like, since years and years? I wonder if it is because I know the end is near?"

"There's still hope,' replied Philip.

"Hope!" cried DeBar. "It's more than hope, man. It's a certainty for me—the end, I mean. Don't you see, Phil—" He came and sat down close to the other on the sledge, and spoke as if he had known him for years. "It's got to be the end for me, and I guess that's what makes me cheerful like. I'm going to tell you about it, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind; I want to hear," said Philip, and he edged a little nearer, until they sat shoulder to shoulder.

"It's got to be the end," repeated DeBar, in a low voice. "If we get out of this, and fight, and you win, it'll be because I'm dead, Phil. D'ye understand? I'll be dead when the fight ends, if you win. That'll be one end."

"But if you win, Bill."

A flash of joy shot into DeBar's eyes.

"Then that'll be the other end," he said more softly still. He pointed to the big Mackenzie hound. "I said he was next to my best friend on earth, Phil. The other—is a girl—who lived back there—when it happened, years and years ago. She's 30 now, and she's stuck to me and prayed for me, and believed in me for—a'most since we were kids together, an' she's written to me—'Frank Symmonds—once a month for ten years. God bless her heart! That is what's kept me alive, and in every letter she's begged me to let her come to me, wherever I was. But—I guess the devil didn't get quite all of me, for I couldn't, 'n' wouldn't. But I've give in now, and we've fixed it up between us. By this time she's on her way to my brothers in South America, and if I win—when we fight—I'm going where she is. And that's the other end, Phil, so you see why I'm happy. There's sure to be an end of it for me—soon."

He bowed his wild, unshorn head in his mittened hands, and for a time there was silence between them.

Philip broke it almost in a whisper.

"Why don't you kill me—here—now—while I'm sitting helpless beside you, and you've a knife in your belt?"

DeBar lifted his head slowly and looked with astonishment into his companion's face.

"I'm not a murderer!" he said.

"But you've killed other men," persisted Philip.

"Three, besides those we hung," replied DeBar calmly. "One at Moose Factory, when I tried to help John, and the other two up here. They were like you—hunting me down, and I killed 'em in fair fight. Was that murder? Should I stand by and be shot like an animal just because it's law that's doing it? Would you?"

He rose without waiting for an answer and felt of the clothes beside the fire. "Dry enough," he said. "Put 'em on and we'll be hiking."

Philip dressed, and looked at his compass.

"Still north?" he asked. "Chippewayan is south and west."

"North," said DeBar. "I know of a breed who lives on Red Porcupine creek, which runs into the Slave. If we can find him we'll get grub, and if we don't—"

He laughed openly into the other's face.

"We won't fight," said Philip, understanding him.

"No, we won't fight, but we'll wrap up in the same blankets, and die, with Woonga, there, keeping our backs warm until the last. Eh, Woonga, will you do that?"

He turned cheerily to the dog, and Woonga rose slowly and with unmistakable stiffness of limb, and was fastened in the sledge traces.

They went on through the desolate gloom of afternoon, which in late winter is, above the sixtieth, all but night. Ahead of them there seemed to rise billow upon billow of snow-mountains which dwarfed themselves into drifted dunes when they approached, and the heaven above them, and the horizon on all sides of them were shut out from their vision by a white mist which was intangible and without substance and yet which rose like a wall before their eyes. It was one chaos of white mingling with another chaos of white, a chaos of white earth smothered and torn by the Arctic wind under a chaos of white sky; and through it all, saplings that one might have twisted and broken over his knee were magnified into giants at a distance of half a hundred paces, and men and dog looked like huge specters moving with bowed heads through a world that was no longer a world of life, but of dead and silent things. And up out of this, after a time, rose DeBar's voice, chanting in tones filled with the savagery of the north, a wild song that was half breed and half French, which the forest men sing in their joy when coming very near to home.

They went on, hour after hour, until day gloom thickened into night, and night drifted upward to give place to gray dawn plodding steadily north, resting now and then, fighting each mile of the way to the Red Porcupine against the stinging lashes of the Arctic wind. And through it all it was DeBar's voice that rose in encouragement to the dog limping behind him and to the man limping behind the dog—now in song, now in the wild shouting of the sledge-driver, his face thin and gaunt in its starved whiteness, but his eyes alive with a strange fire. And it was DeBar who lifted his mittened hands to the leaden chaos of sky when they came to the frozen streak that was the Red Porcupine, and said, in a voice through which there ran a strange thrill of something deep and mighty, "God in Heaven be praised, this is the end!"

He started into a trot now, and the dog trotted behind him, and behind the dog trotted Philip, wondering, as he had wondered a dozen times before that night, if DeBar were going mad. Five hundred yards down the stream DeBar stopped in his tracks, stared for a moment into the breaking gloom of the shore, and turned to Philip. He spoke in a voice low and trembling, as if overcome for the moment by some strong emotion.

"See—see there!" he whispered. "I've hit it, Philip Steele, and what does it mean? I've come over 70 miles of barren, through night an' storm, an' I've hit Pierre Thoreau's cabin as fair as a shot! Oh, man, man, I couldn't do it once in ten thousand times!" He gripped Philip's arm and his voice rose in excited triumph. "I tell 'ee, it means that—that—God—'r something—must be with me!"

"With us," said Philip, staring hard.

"With me," replied DeBar so fiercely that the other started involuntarily. It's a miracle, an omen, and it means that I'm going to win!" His fingers gripped deeper, and he said more gently, "Phil, I've grown to like you, and if you believe in God as we believe in Him up here—if you believe He tells things in the stars, the winds and things like this, if you're afraid of death, take some grub and go back! I mean it, Phil, for if you stay, an' fight, there is going to be but one end. I will kill you!"

### CHAPTER XII.

At DeBar's words the blood leaped swiftly through Philip's veins, and he laughed as he flung the outlaw's hand from his arm.

"I'm not afraid of death," he cried angrily. "Don't take me for a child, William DeBar. How long since you found this God of yours?"

He spoke the words half tauntingly, and as soon regretted them, for in a voice that betrayed no anger at the slur, DeBar said: "Ever since my mother taught me my first prayer, Phil. I've killed three men and I've helped hang three others, and I still believe in a God, and I've half a notion He believes a little bit in me, in spite of the laws made down in Ottawa."

The cabin loomed up amid a shelter of spruce like a black shadow, and when they climbed up the bank to it they found the snow drifted high under the window and against the door.

"He's gone—Pierre, I mean," said DeBar over his shoulder as he kicked the snow away. "He hasn't come back from New Year's at Fort Smith."

The door had no lock or bolt, and they entered. It was yet too dark for them to see distinctly, and DeBar struck a match. On the table was a tin oil lamp, which he lighted. It revealed a neatly kept interior about a dozen feet square, with two bunks, several chairs, a table and a sheet iron stove, behind which was piled a supply of wood. DeBar pointed to a shelf on which were a number of tin boxes, their covers weighted down by chunks of wood.

"Grub!" he said.

And Philip, pointing to the wood, added, "Fire—fire and grub."

There was something in his voice which the other could not fail to understand, and there was an uncomfortable silence as Philip put fuel into the stove and DeBar searched among the food cans.

"Here's bannock and cooked meat—frozen," he said, "and beans."

He placed tins of each on the stove and then sat down beside the roaring fire, which was already beginning to diffuse a heat. He held out his twisted and knotted hands, blue and shaking with cold, and looked up at Philip, who stood opposite him.

He spoke no words, and yet there was something in his eyes which made the latter cry out softly, and with a feeling which he tried to hide: "DeBar, I wish to God it was over."

"So do I," said DeBar.

He rubbed his hands and twisted them until the knuckles cracked.

"I'm not afraid and I know that you're not, Phil," he went on, with his eyes on the top of the stove, "but I wish it was over, just the same. Somehow I'd a'most rather stay up here another year or two than—kill you."

"Kill me!" exclaimed Philip, the old fire leaping back into his veins.

DeBar's quiet voice, his extraordinary self-confidence, sent a flush of anger into Philip's face.

"You're talking to me again as if I were a child, DeBar. My instructions were to bring you back, dead or alive—and I'm going to!"

"We won't quarrel about it, Phil," replied the outlaw as quietly as before. "Only I wish it wasn't you I'm going to fight. I'd rather kill half-a-dozen like the others than you."

"I see," said Philip, with a perceptible sneer in his voice. "You're trying to work upon my sympathy so that I will follow your suggestion—and go back. Eh?"

"You'd be a coward if you did that," retorted DeBar quickly. "How are we going to settle it, Phil?"

Philip drew his frozen revolver from its holster and held it over the stove.

"If I wasn't a crack shot, and couldn't center a two-inch bull's-eye three times out of four at 30 paces, I'd say pistols."

"I can't do that," said DeBar unhesitatingly, "but I have hit a wolf twice out of five shots. It'll be a quick, easy way, and we'll settle it with our revolvers. Going to shoot to kill?"

"No, if I can help it. In the excitement a shot may kill, but I want to take you back alive, so I'll wing you once or twice first."

"I always shoot to kill," replied DeBar, without lifting his head. "Any word you'd like to have sent home, Phil?"

In the other's silence DeBar looked up.

"I mean it," he said, in a low earnest voice. "Even from your point of view it might hapepn, Phil, and you've got friends somewhere. If anything should happen to me you'll find a letter in my pocket. I want you to write to—to her—an' tell her I died in—an accident. Will you?"

"Yes," replied Philip. "As for me, you'll find addresses in my pocket, too. Let's shake!"

Over the stove they gripped hands.

"My eyes hurt," said DeBar. "It's the snow and wind, I guess. Do you mind a little sleep—after we eat? I haven't slept a wink in three days and nights."

"Sleep until you're ready," urged Philip. "I don't want to fight bad eyes."

They ate, mostly in silence, and when the meal was done Philip carefully cleaned his revolver and oiled it with bear grease, which he found in a bottle on the shelf.

DeBar watched him as he wiped his weapon and saw that Philip lubricated each of the five cartridges which he put in the chamber.

Afterward they smoked.

Then DeBar stretched himself out in one of the two bunks, and his heavy breathing soon gave evidence that he was sleeping.

For a time Philip sat beside the stove, his eyes upon the inanimate form of the outlaw. Drowsiness overcame him then, and he rolled into the other bunk. He was awakened several hours later by DeBar, who was filling the stove with wood.

"How'e the eyes?" he asked, sitting up.

"Good," said the other. "Glad you're awake. The light will be bad inside of an hour.

He was rubbing and warming his hands, and Philip came to the opposite side of the stove and rubbed and warmed his hands For some reason he found it difficult to look at DeBar, and he knew that DeBar was not looking at him.

It was the outlaw who broke the suspense.

"I've been outside," he said in a low voice. "There's an open in front of the cabin, just a hundred paces across. It wouldn't be a bad idea for us to stand at opposite sides of the open and at a given signal approach, firing as we want to."

"Couldn't be better," exclaimed Philip briskly, turning to pull his revolver from its holster.

DeBar watched him with tensely anxious eyes as he broke the breech, looked at the shining circle of cartridges, and closed it again.

Without a word he went to the door, opened it, and with his pistol arm trailing at his side, strode off to the right. For a moment Philip stood looking after him, a queer lump in his throat. He would have liked to shake hands, and yet at the same time he was glad that DeBar had gone in this way. He turned to the left—and saw at a glance that the outlaw had given him the best light. DeBar was was facing him when he reached his ground.

"Are you ready?" he shouted.

"Ready!! cried Philip.

DeBar ran forward, shoulders hunched low, his pistol arm half extended, and Philip advanced to meet him. At seventy paces, without stopping in his half trot, the outlaw fired, and his bullet passed in a hissing warning three feet over Philip's head. The latter had planned to hold his fire until he was sure of hitting the outlaw in the arm or shoulder, but a second shot from him, which seemed to Philip almost to nip him in the face, stopped him short, and at fifty paces he returned the fire.

DeBar ducked low and Philip thought that he was hit.

Then with a fierce yell he darted forward, firing as he came.

Again, and still a third time Philip fired, and as DeBar advanced, unhurt, after each shot, a cry of amazement rose to his lips. At 40 paces he could nip a four-inch bull's-eye three times out of five, and here he missed a man! At thirty he held an unbeated record—and at thirty, here in the broad open, he still missed his man!

He had felt the breath of DeBar's fourth shot, and now with one cartridge each the men advanced foot by foot, until DeBar stopped and deliberately aimed at twenty paces. Their pistols rang out in one report, and, standing unhurt, a feeling of horror swept over Philip as he looked at the other. The outlaw's arms fell to his side. His empty pistol dropped to the snow, and for a moment he stood rigid, with his face half turned to the gloomy sky, while a low cry of grief burst from Philip's lips.

In that momentary posture of DeBar he saw, not the effect of a wound only, but the grim, terrible rigidity of death. He dropped his own weapon and ran forward, and in that instant DeBar leaped to meet him with the fierceness of a beast!

It was a terrible bit of play on DeBar's part, and for a moment took Philip off his guard. He stepped aside, and, with the cleverness of a trained boxer, he sent a straight cut to the outlaw's face as he closed in. But the blow lacked force, and he staggered back under the other's weight, boiling with rage at the advantage which DeBar had taken of him.

The outlaw's hands gripped at his throat and his fingers sank into his neck like cords of steel. With a choking grasp he clutched at DeBar's wrists, knowing that another minute—a half minute of that death clutch would throttle him. He saw the triumph in DeBar's eyes, and with a last supreme effort drew back his arm and sent a terrific short-arm punch into the other's stomach.

To Be Continued.


*"I am an old man—and many of my troubles never happened."—ELBERT HUBBARD*

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**One little Lincoln penny—or any other kind of penny for that matter—will buy a postal card. And by the use of a postal card any reader can put himself in touch with a Blade advertiser. If an ad. which has attracted your attention is not explicit, do not fail to write for full information.**

One reason silence is golden is because the silent man tells no lies.

Nearly every dog has a place it can call home, but who owns all the cats?

First requisite of universal peace is to put the whole world in good humor.

Telling a man to mind his own business sounds impertinent, but it is good advice.

When it comes to a matter of diplomacy Japan is her own little ready letter writer.

When it comes to a question of economy John D. Rockefeller practices what he preaches.

Many a big, powerful man goes through life under the handicap of a little squeaky voice.

Some people are so fastidious that they can't admire a beautiful flower that is old-fashioned.

Evidently Mr. Carnegie never eats anything that disagrees with him. All his dreams are of peace.

Ten shots were fired at the Turkish grand vizier. His assassins can never boast of their marksmanship.

"At what age is a man conceited?" asks the Booston Globe. Just before marriage, would be our guess.

Every golden wedding celebration is an emphatic contradiction of the silly idea that marriage is a failure.

That minister who says the wedding fee is a form of graft is not hearing many "amens" from the brethren.

Professor Taft proclaims his great happiness, but does he give the people who voted against him credit for it?

What has man accomplished by producing a strawberry with an abnormal circumference and a hollow interior?

We can think of nothing more uncomfortable than a pain that doesn't call for a fashionable surgical operation.

Maybe there are good lobbyists and bad lobbyists. Something of that kind was said about trusts once upon a time.

"Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." A good policy for the United States to follow in the case of Mexico.

Glancing over pictures of the girls in the old family album, we can't help wondering how they would have looked in hobbles.

Mr. Taft has lost thirty pounds since leaving the presidency; which is more than Mr. Wilson has gained since taking the job.

We like a little poetry now and then. It is good for the soul; but too much of it is like trying to eat a quail a day for a period of 30 days.

The Illinois suffragists have won. It is something to have accomplished their purpose without blowing the dome off the state capitol.

The price of calfskins broke all records last week. But how much better it would be to conserve the skins and let steers grow into them.

Here is one of the little tragedies of life: An Indiana man got his wife to help save money for an automobile and then he spent it for a home.

Patriotism and love of country may be the lobbyist's excuse for working against free sugar. "My country, 'tis of thee—sweet land of liberty!"

The woman who asked for $78,000 alimony has been granted $15,000. How different the case of the New Jersey man who shot at a crow and brought down an eagle.

One judge declares that too many wives are shooting their husbands. It is true, and one of these days some husband killer who doesn't happen to be pretty will get a severe scolding.

There are thousands of old-fashioned men and women in the country who have been living in a state of quiet connubiality for years. The divorce seekers are the ones who attract attention.

When a woman declares that men are all alike it is a safe guess that her study of the animals has not extended beyond one or two reprobates who have filled her soul with bitter disappointment.

### A BUSINESS OF CIVIL WAR.

A large part of the population of Mexico has unquestionably found war a congenial occupation. To shoot and be shot at has furnished not only a tremendous amount of pleasant excitement, but in countless instances it has furnished food and clothing and spending money with a minimum of boredom and drudgery. To those who feel no incentive to get on in the world, to establish a home and rear a family, war is a thousand times preferable to the orderly, though tiresome, ways of peace. And such has been the economic situation of Mexico that there are no want of men of this state of mind with which to maintain the strength of the armies that fight either for or against the government.

In trying to get Former President Diaz to return and lead them again by green pastures, the friends of peace and security in Mexico have these professional warriors to deal with. Diaz himself came into the mastery of his country's destinies after the country had become exhausted by more than two generations of civil war. Mexico was poor to starvation. She had almost as little with which to feed the armies which raged back and forth over the land and which could take by force whatever it needed or desired as she had to feed the non-combatants. If Diaz had not brought peace another man would have. Mexico had to cease fighting or die of weakness. The situation is quite different today. The country is not by any means exhausted. Industry still goes on. The railroads keep running. The fields are cultivated and the ranch lands continue to feed their great herds of cattle. In the year of greatest fighting, Mexico made a new high record for exports, which gives you a quite different picture than that of paralysis by grim-visaged war.

Foreigners in Mexico have been talking for a year or more of interference on the part of other nations. They are on the spot and understand the vast difficulty Mexico must have in bringing about peace by her efforts alone. They understand the nature of the fighting, why it continues and why it is likely to go on for a long time to come, Diaz and his executive skill and his prestige notwithstanding.

The revolution which Madero promoted revived an old profession. It flourishes now like the green bay tree. It will cease to flourish probably only when there is nothing on which it can prey or when it is suppressed through foreign interference.

### EUGENICS.

The booming of the eugenics movement appears to have two groups behind it—those who believe enthusiastically that the mental as well as the physical quality of human beings can be improved by breeding and those who have discovered pleasure in the free-for-all discussion of subjects hitherto dealt with with openness only in the meetings of medical societies. It must be said that the ones who are disgusted with the entire topic of eugenics are doing something, too, to spread the doctrine, or at least the interest in it.

Our own ideas of the eugenics agitation is that it is merely one of the herringbone clouds which are running before the big storm of change. It represents a sort of general dissatisfaction with human life as it is. It is part of the rebellion against the old ways of thinking, the old habits of treating the problems of the world, a protest against the custom of making a tremendous fuss over certain questions and tucking other questions, infinitely more difficult, away upon the closet shelves and turning the key in the door. Eugenics as it is "conversationed" can get nowhere, since it calls for regulation and control, by a self-chosen part of the population, over the lives of the mass of the population in a way that the mass will never permit.

When the big storm of change breaks, the subject of eugenics is likely to get caught in the swirl and melted down to pulp. It is one of those sciences, the text of which provides a means of measuring the past, but is no beaconlight for the future. And it is the future, its high promise and sunbright hope and not the past, of which humanity gives thought after every one of its cataclysms of social reformations and reorganizations.

### NARROWING WAR ON GRAFT.

The heavy sentence meted out to Senator Stillwell of the New York legislature for attempting to make his influence and vote pay several thousand per cent dividends indicates the trend of justice in dealing with legislative crooks.

The time was that a legislator who went in for vote-selling could walk the streets as free as any other man if his fellows sat upon his case and splashed him over with whitewash. Stillwell went through that process, but it failed him. He was brought into a court of law, tried before a jury of his peers and sent to prison for a good stiff term. Political intervention could not save him, nor did his standing as a lawmaker awe the twelve men and true.

Graft was a thing of slow and insidious growth. Its roots drove deep and far before ever a start was made to check it and destroy it. Every one of these graft trials shows that skill in uncovering the secret and slimy ways of graft is developing and that life for it is growing more and more uncertain and perilous.

### THE RATE QUESTION.

The handful of railway rate decisions which the supreme court of the United States has just handed down scarcely tend to straighten out the snarls and tangles of the rate question. On the contrary, the decisions make the question more difficult and forbidding for the average citizen and bring new complications into the labors of lawyers, railway men, shippers and experts who have attempted, for their own needs and purposes, to find method and order in what is really little else than a chaos.

Still, there is no reason why there should be any despairing of finding the way out of the thick and clammy fog of this intricate problem. For there is a point at which the mind rebels against perplexity and obscurity. People will not settle down patiently to dwell forever in a labyrinth. Someone will rise up and go hacking at this rate business without any regard to custom, precedents, traffic rules, compromises, subterfuges and arbitrary laws which the exigencies of commerce and men with a talent for jumbling and lumbering up affairs have builded into an institution—an institution about as untidy and unsystematic as a junkkeeper's yard.

The time is ripe for an entirely new deal in the matter of railway rates. The process of dealing may muss business up considerably. But after it is through there will cease to be a railway rate problem. The thing will be taken out of the category of enigmas, being based not upon practice and all-the-traffic-can-stand rules, but upon the sound foundation of charges in keeping with services rendered. The supreme court of the United States is helping to make the new deal imperative.

### FROM THE REAL WALL STREET.

One H. S. Priest, who was made attorney for the receivers of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Company which blew up so spectacularly the other day, wired an epitome of his private and professional opinions to a New York newspaper. He blamed the ills of the railroads upon confiscatory legislation and hinted that, but for ill-conceived laws and nagging government policies, the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad would now be solvent.

It is popularly supposed that Wall Street falls in for all such arguments, believing fervently that the government should leave private business alone. But that popular opinion is in error. In a circular letter sent out by A. A Housman & Company, brokers located in the heart of the Wall street district, we find the Priest statement labeled "rot."

"The insiders who beat the creditors to the court with a petition in bankruptcy and gave Mr. Priest his job," says the letter, "have themselves to blame for the insolvency of the St. Louis & San Francisco. They have long been notorious for running the most wretchedly financed railroad in the country—one into which creditors had put more than $5 to the owners' $1. * * * Such things as this do more, we believe, to discredit the railroads with the public and with the Interstate Commerce Commission than is generally allowed to be the case. Instead of the failure of the 'Frisco being an argument in favor of higher freight rates, it will react upon the railroads as a penalty of bad finance."

Everyone who actually knows something of Wall street other than through the stock phrases of spellbinders knows that the solid part of it is as keenly alive to the necessity of governmental regulation of corporations as any unbiased student of economics. It is as disgusted with the practice of the financial highbinders as any man who would shame the devil. It is unfortunate that that part of Wall street is heard from too little.

### "GEE-HAW."

If sounds were permanent things, such things as an archeologist could dig out of the kitchen refuse of an Indian camp along with the broken shells, the bones and the lost implements of stone, there are two sounds which would be come upon almost tiresomely when you went prowling among the relics of the pioneers. These would be the "gee" and "haw" of the ox-driver. "Gee," called out the driver when he wanted his animals to turn to the right, or away from him; "haw," when he wanted them to move to the left.

These cries of "gee" and "haw," were they by some miracle recorded, would run the gamut of human expression. By their intonations, you could tell not only whether the driver was a patient man with draught animals or irritable, but also whether he was weary with the journey, pleased with his adventure into the country of many dangers, depressed by mishap, fearful of the chances of the day and the meagre trails, or possessed of that high resolution which was the special mark of those who conquered the wilderness.

We have raised many a monument to the pioneers. Sometime people will gather to unveil with proper ceremonial lasting sculptures in honor of the oxen who drew the wagon of the pioneer, helped him clear his ground, plowed his fields and, before their natural end was come, were slaughtered and stowed away in the cabin larder. Upon those stones should be carved some word or two about "gee" and "haw"—as uncouth sounds as ever came from human throat, but potent to make a wilderness the abiding place for civilized men.

### THE UNWEARYING WALKER.

Weston once more gallantly sets forth upon his pilgrimage of showing men that to be well, to be strong, to be clear of head and clean of heart, there is nothing better for the purpose than taking daily rides upon shank's mare. There is no disputing Weston's contention. He is so right that thousands of men who take too little exercise make solemn vows to quit riding in street cars and automobiles and begin a course of walking—say, next week, or the week after.

The best about Weston's propaganda is that there is no insistence upon walking as he walks. The pedestrian is liberal of opinion. He merely urges that you do whatever walking you can and where the opportunity is given you. Probably he is not himself greatly interested in scenery, in the roadside life and in the pleasant sight of a farmhand in new ground bruising his ribs against the plow handles. But these are things of which the amateur walker can make the best, gleaning entertainment and escaping the feeling of drudgery which goes with exercise which is for exercise only.

Weston is a fine old gentleman, a fine example of courage and endurance. We trust he has a score of years of cross-country tramping ahead of him and that the hundreds of converts he has made will become thousands.

### SOCIALIST TALKS OF MORALS.

Abraham Cahan, one of the high lights of Socialism in New York, has made the following comment upon a subject of widespread discussion:

"Young Rockefeller, who has so large a share of the world's wealth, means well. I want to give the young man credit for that. He goes and gets out a book to tell us how many prostitutes there are in New York. Does he not know that prostitution is a social disease and that it is caused by capitalism? Well, the people of this country have had just about as much capitalism as they will ever stand. Socialism will not only do away with the forced marriages of today, which are but prostitution under another name—the marriages into which women are forced for economic reasons."

If one understands Mr. Cahan correctly, he means that prostitution is caused wholly by economic pressure, individual immorality having nothing to do with it; under Socialism it will disappear because everyone will have food and clothing in abundance and equal share in all the luxuries. Which is as much as to say that her virtue depends upon the number of dollars a woman has, that as the money with which to buy necessities and comforts is acquired sin falls away. It is the same as saying that God and Mammon are one.

In another place Mr. Cahan says: "The old Americanism, the early American spirit — the principles of 1776 — are thoroughly un-American today. They are not good enough for us." It seems, also, that the decalogue is not good enough for "us."

### ARMENIA AGAIN.

It is some time since Armenia appeared in the news. The Turks have been engaged in other work and so have not massacred Christians who could not massacre in reprisal. Little Armenia has had a fairly peaceful time of it for as much as two or three years and, save for one or two village burnings or the torture of a merchant for his money, she could feel that the Moslem persecution was over with.

But there are possibilities that Armenia will play a larger part in the world's news than she has ever played before. For years German consuls, German teachers and German missionaries have been promoting the interests of Germany among the Armenians until now the people, having been ignored by other powers when appealed to for relief from oppression, speak of Germany as their one dependable friend. Russia has hopes of taking over the destinies of Armenia and looks with jealousy and uneasiness upon what seems to her to be an encroachment upon lands she has marked as her own. She will not let Armenia fall under complete German influence if she can help it.

Britain and Germany nearly came to arms over Morocco, of doubtful value to either. How much the more ready Russia and Germany would be to fight over Armenia in whose soil are unreaped riches and whose trade makes the mouth of every trading nation water?

### FOR OTHERS TO TRY.

An English aeronaut of considerable prominence is authority for the statement that it is quite possible for an aeroplane of the modern type to make the flight across the Atlantic Ocean. He thinks that the feat will be accomplished within the next year and that it will occupy only twenty-four hours of time.

To doubt the assurance of the experienced usually makes the doubter seem ridiculous. But it is not improbable that the aeronaut thought the proposition feasible if all the circumstances of wind and weather were so fortunately arranged that the birdman who should try the thing would have nature as an ally. The chances are perhaps one in one hundred that nature would be so kindly and helpful. The Atlantic Ocean is rather notorious for the varieties of weather that churn around over its surface. The fast steamer that sails from New York to Liverpool may meet up with everything from calm to tempest in the course of six days' steaming. The birdman, surely, cannot count upon having weather fair and friendly over all the miles he has to keep driving. It is asking rather too much of a sea which swallows a hundred or so vessels every year.

The English airman said he had no intention of trying the flight himself. One cannot but respect his caution.

An Iowa man is advertising "potatoes and shepherd pups, 40 cents a bushel." Looks like a slump in the cost of living.

A California woman wants a divorce because the prayers of her husband annoy here. It would be interesting to know what he has been praying for.

# Sunday School

## AN OLD PICTURE OF THE NEW TIMES

**The International Sunday School Lesson for June 22 Is, "The Blinding Effect of Sin" (Temperance Lesson). Amos 6:1-8.**

**By William T. Ellis.**

These are new and crisis days. That all thinking persons should see and understand them aright is a profound concern of patriotism and religion. To be ignorant of our own times is a cardinal blunder. The passion for "things as they are" is an element of righteousness. We can forgive the interruption of the regular course of the International Sunday school lessons in order to permit this study of our present condition in the light of the oldest of the prophetical writings. The lesson committee interjects this as a temperance lesson; but it is a comprehensive treatment of the tendency of the world today.

Amos, the rough old preacher of Tekoa, saw his times with the penetrating vision of the out-of-doors man. Some city folk think that they are the shrewdest and most sophisticated judges of men and things; whereas often it is the countryfied little woman, wearing last year's bonnet and her one best dress, or the farmer in his cheap store clothes, who sees deepest into the life of the people who sneer at rural ways. This ancient shepherd and pincher of sycamore figs has given us the clearest picture of the luxurious tendency of his land and time that has come down to us; a picture which startlingly sets forth the present trend of our own life. It is an exercise in citizenship to read the book of Amos.

**The First of the Writing Prophets.**

Nowadays most of the nation's prophets are members of the writing craft. In this they wear the mantle of the first of the Hebrew prophets, whose message has been preserved in the sacred canon. Amos lived about 750 years before Christ, and he is a minor prophet only because that misleading name has been applied to the 12 briefest books of the prophets. We know better than to judge sermons by length, and Amos is one of the greatest, as well as the first, of the recorded Hebrew seers.

"Muck rake," or the current equivalent for this term of approbrium, was often applied to Amos. He dealt fearlessly with facts. His book is one of the most journalistic in the Old Testament. It does not soar on eagle wing like the writing of Isaiah or Ezekiel. He wrote the thing as he saw it, confident in the corrective power of honest diagnosis. Nowadays the Amos principle is being vindicated in the acknowledge function of publicity in purifying public life. In most cases the world needs but to know what is wrong in order to set it right. Given the Amos art of setting conditions compellingly before the mind, and what is wrong in those conditions will be remedied. If mothers but knew the havoc that is wrought by the present tendency in women's dress, the styles would be reformed within a week. If parents could but see with unobscured vision the consequences of the moderate use of liquors, sideboards would be cleared over night and shutters would be put on thousands of saloons and breweries. Could the prosperous public but understand whither the luxury and idleness and pleasure-seeking tendency of our time is leading, there would be a swift and wholesome reaction.

The function of the man who sees facts as exemplified by Amos, is thus commented upon by George Adam Smith:

"He spent his gifts of vision on the discovery and appreciation of facts. Now this is necessary, not only in great reforinations of religion, but at almost every stage of her development. To see the truth and to tell it, to be accurate and brave about the moral facts if our day—to this extend the Vision and the Voice are possible for every one of us. Never for us may the doors of heaven open as they did for him who stood on the threshold of the earthly temple when he saw the Lord enthroned, while the Seraphim of the Presence sang the glory, yet let us remember that to see facts as they are and to tell the truth about them—this also is prophecy. We may inhabit a sphere which does not prompt the imagination, but is as destitute of the historic and traditional as was the wilderness of Tekoa. All the more may our unglamoured eyes be true to the facts about us. Every common day leads forth her duties as shinning as every night leads forth her stars. The deeds and the fortunes of men are in our sight, and spell, to all who will honestly read, the very word of the Lord."

**What Is a Prophet?**

A misused and misunderstood word is this title of the Old Testament seers. The prophet is not so much a foreteller as a forth-teller. He is an interpreter of the mind of God, a teacher of the people, one who speaks in behalf of Jehovah. On the lower plane of real or pretended prognosticators of the future, there have always been many professionals. There were such in the days of Amos, even as there are still such today practicing their mummery, as I saw one doing among the Arabs of Babylon—not to mention the clairvoyants and mind readers of our American cities. Amos lifted up the place of the office to a level that was beyond price and professionalism. He dared speak his message even when it was indiscreet, and so when silenced by ecclesiastical and political powers he had to utter his word through the written page.

Down on the plains of Tekoa, six miles below Bethlehem, lived this herdsman, about 40 years after Elisha. He was a pincher of sycamore figs, as Dr. Franklin E. Hoskins once showed me when we halted under a sycamore tree and he pinched the poor fruit to help it ripen. From the fields of Bethlehem to the high places of Bethlehem Amos ranged, perhaps in pursuit of his wool business. His travel had made him aware of the condition of the times, and his lowly calling gave him opportunity to meditate upon it. He belonged to no school of the prophets; he, like the Greatest, was tutored alone in separation and in silence by the voice that spoke to his own soul. A business man teaching spiritual truth. Amos was a forerunner of the many men in all walks of life who are today crying aloud the peril involved in some of our present social and national tendencies.

**The Patriot's Task.**

Patriotism makes prophets. No man becomes a prophet by caring for his own soul. Only the great passions can stir into flame this gift. A national crisis produces the great patriots with a message. Thus the advent of the Assyrian into the history of Israel, creating conditions singularly analagous to our own, when a new civilization, a new power, and a new world entered the consciousness of the people.

The city problem perturbed Amos. A long period of wealth and security had set the Hebrews to building. Luxury had become common. Men sprawled on ivory couches and drank buckets full of wine and sought out delicate portions of food and devoted music's highest art to their sensuous feasts. Their glossy fat eyes were blind to the miseries of their poor and to the plight of their people. They were heedless of the signs of the times. The storm that was gathering in the east and soon to break upon them gave them too little concern. The prosperous people were making a business of pleasure, and when a nation comes to that pass it is on the threshold of dire danger. The successes of these ancient Jews, their intemperance, their sensuality, their idleness, their gross materialism, bring into view our own problems, which are perhaps not as far apart as they seem—the one class of people who live by vice and the other class who live by unearned money for which they make no return to society.

Then as now the nation was entering upon a new era of internationalism. Life could no longer be viewed from the pastoral, tribal, provincial viewpoint. The old terms of petty prejudices must give way to a more universal conception and language. Amos' indictment was laid over against the Jews because they were not ready for the new day. Are we?

**The Ageless Problem.**

Old Amos, with those sun-wrinkled, quizzical eyes, saw to the heart of the matter. Superficial conditions did not lead him astray. He perceived that the root of the evil was the sin of the people. The new forks and fashions were but fresh outcroppings of the old spirit of iniquity. At the core of Israel's question was sin.

The social doctors are busy with our modern conditions. Their investigations and proclaimed remedies fill the newspaper columns. Organizations ranging all the way from vice commissions to political parties are active over the problems that trouble us.

But the real remedy, which is so old-fashioned that it has not the virtue of novelty, is yet to be applied in power and persistence. This is nothing less than the preaching of the awfulness of sin in all its loathsomeness; and of the gospel which delivers from sin. Perhaps we must wait until the experimenters are through with merely material remedies for our time, but in the end we cannot escape a facing of the ferful fact of sin. We are dropping the word sin from our vocabulary nowadays, while increasing the thing itself in our life. Ministers, teachers and publicits face no needs greater than that of returning to a study of our times in the light of the word of God with its clear message upon the part that sin plays in blighting human society. We have not outgrown Amos.

## Snow Brings Lumber Down

FEW would imagine that the absence of snow would double the price of timber. The greater part of the world's common timber comes from the forests of North America, Scandinavia and Russia. All these countries have a very severe winter.

For nearly five months of the year their surface is buried deep under a mantle of snow, and the thermometer in the heart of the greatest pine forests not uncommonly falls to 30 degrees below zero, i. e., 62 degrees of frost. Snow is one of the best nonconductors of heat or cold in the world, and when the fall is a foot deep a thermometer showing 60 degrees on its surface will, if buried beneath the snow, rise to about 30 degrees. The snow, therefore, is an enormous blanket protecting the roots of the trees from the intense cold, besides conserving the natural warmth of the soil.

A full-grown pine can stand almost any degree of cold, but a young tree cannot do so. It might sprout during summer, but a snowless winter would infallibly kill it. If, therefore, snow ceased, the enormous timber supplies of northern Europe, Asia and America would disappear.

## Stories of Famous Novels

**By Albert Payson Terhune.**

### THE CORSICAN BROTHERS; by Alexandre Dumas.

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LUCIEN and Louis del Franchi were twins. Not only were they exactly alike in face and form, but their minds were so closely allied that, even when far separated, each could tell by his own sensations whether the other were happy, miserable, in pain or prospering.

Louis left their Corsican home and went to Paris to study law. There, to protect the good name of a woman who had been placed under his care by her absent husband, he quarreled with a Frenchman-about-town, Chateau-Renaud, who was also a renowned duelist.

Chateau-Renaud challenged Louis to mortal combat. Louis promptly accepted, although he was a man of peace and had no experience either with sword or with pistol, his opponent being an expert in the use of both.

When one of his seconds came to del Franchi's room to escort Louis to the scene of the duel, the young Corsican remarked with perfect calm:

"I shall die at 9:10 this morning."

Louis went on to tell how, the preceding night, his long-dead father had appeared to him and had warned him of the exact hour of approaching death.

With all the mystic fatalism of his Corsican ancestry, the young man accepted the vision as a true prophecy. And with the courage bred of hero ancestors, he was prepared to face his doom.

The dueling ground—a secluded spot in the Paris suburbs—was reached. Pistols were the weapons selected, and Louis stood unmoved as the distance was paced off by his seconds.

He had already written a letter to his mother, saying he was dying of fever. He had done this in order that his family might not follow the old Corsican custom of swearing a vendetta (blood feud) against Chateau-Renaud.

The word was given. The combatants fired. Louis's shot passed harmlessly through the skirts of his antagonist's coat.

Chateau-Renaud's bullet pierced the right side of Louis's body, just below the sixth rib and came out near the left hip. The Corsican whirled about in the air and fell dead.

His second drew out a watch. The hour was exactly 9:10.

At that very moment, hundreds of miles away, Louis's twin brother, Lucien, chanced to be riding among the Corsican mountains. He suddenly fell from his horse as though shot.

His servants, picking him up and searching for a possible wound, found a reddish bruise on his right side, below the six rib, and another just above the right hip.

That night Louis appeared to his brother in a vision and told the tale of the duel. At dawn Lucien started for Paris.

No word other than the ghostly visitant's had time to reach Corsica. Yet on arriving at Paris the surviving twin repeated to his dead brother's seconds every detail of the duel just as the spirit had related the story to him.

Lucien's first move was to challenge Chateau-Renaud. The latter, though shaken by a strange foreboding, accepted the challenge.

He and Lucien met on the very spot where Louis and Chateau-Renaud had fought, and they used the same pistols.

As they faced each other, Lucien was smiling in fierce joy. Chateau-Renaud was deathly pale. At the first fire Chateau-Renaud crashed to the ground with a bullet through his brain.

Lucien, unwounded, turned away and broke into a passion of tears.

"My poor brother!" he sobbed, convulsively, "my poor brother!"

## A Poem Worth While

**As Slow Our Ship.**

As slow our ship in her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each earthly tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

—Moore.

## Menace of the Orient

H. G. Wells in the London Mail.

FOR a decade and more all Western Europe has been threatened by German truculence; the German, inflamed by the victories of 1870 and 1871, has poured out his energy in preparation for war by sea and land, and it has been the difficult task of France and England to keep the peace with him. The German has been the provocator and leader of all modern armaments. But that is not going on. It is already more than half over. If we can avert war with Germany for 20 years we shall never have to fight Germany. In 20 years' time we shall be talking no more of sending troops to fight side by side on the frontier of France; we shall be talking of sending troops to fight side by side with French and Germans on the frontiers of Poland.

And the justification of that prophecy is a perfectly plain one. The German has filled up his country, his birth rate falls and the very vigor of his military and naval preparations, by raising the cost of living, hurries it down. His birth rate falls, as ours and the Frenchman's falls, because he is nearing the maximum of population. It is an inevitable consequence of his geographical conditions. But eastward of him, from his eastern boundaries to the Pacific, is a country already too populous to conquer, but with possibilities of further expansion that are gigantic. The Slav will be free to increase and multiply for another hundred years. Eastward and southward bristle the Slavs and behind the Slavs are the colossal possibilities of Asia.

Even German vanity, even the preposterous ambitions that spring from that brief triumph of Sedan, must awaken at last to those manifest facts, and on the day when Germany is fully awake we may count the Western European Armageddon as "off" and turn our eyes to the greater needs that will arise beyond him. The old game will be over and a quite different new game will begin in international relations.

### The Bell at Lloyd's.

The bell at Lloyd's which is rung when a ship long overdue and reported lost unexpectedly reaches port is one of the sensation bells of the world. It was only a few days ago that its clanging announced the safe return of the Snowdon Range, a 5,000-ton steamship, which recently arrived in a battered condition at Queenstown, after being 50 days out from Philadelphia and long reported lost. Her loss would have cost Lloyd's something like £100,000, and it is little wonder, therefore, that the underwriters cheered when they heard the bell. The bell now used at Lloyd's is of naval origin. It belonged to the Lutine, which was wrecked in the Zuyder Zee in October, 1700, while taking specie from English merchants to Hamburg. There is a room at Lloyd's known as the Chamber of Horrors, and here are posted telegrams received reporting casualties. Unimportant accidents are not entered in the loss book, but the most serious are not only entered there, but are cried aloud by an official who stands in gorgeous uniform beneath a sounding board. When, after a week's disappearance, it is feared a vessel has gone down, the owners make an application to the committee at Lloyd's to have the ship posted. This is done by affixing a notice in the Chamber of Horrors which says that the authorities would be glad of information concerning the boat. A week elapses, and then a second notice is put up, saying that the boat has not since been heard of. When you read that a ship has been posted as missing, you may know this ship is upon the notice board, and on that day the insurance money is payable, and all who were upon her are legally considered dead. When a shop is posted the old Lutine bell is tolled once. In the very unusual event of a vessel arriving in port after being posted the bell is struck twice, and the caller makes his announcement from the rostrum amid a breathless silence.

## VARIETIES

Lake Superior drains an area of 85,000 square miles.

Lake Ontario has an elevation of 29,760 feet above the sea level.

The Portuguese language is spoken by thirty million persons.

At least 100 species of oysters are known to scientists.

The fibers of wood are strongest near the center of the trunk.

The capitol at Washington covers an area of 153,112 square feet.

There are 3,424 languages and dialects in use in the entire world.

Nine experimenters in X-ray work have died from its effects.

The United States has 10 rivers more than 1,000 miles long.

The pressure of water at a depth of 100 feet is 43.31 pounds.

Pennsylvania in 1912 produced 4,490,096 tons of basic pig iron.

Minneapolis is preparing to appoint women on its police force.

Italy raises one-sixth of the entire European corn crop.

There are 280 Indian tribes in existence in the United States.

Switzerland now owns the St. Gothard tunnel and railway.

Electricity generated in Sweden is delivered in Copenhagen.

In 1911 in the United States 94,[illegible] persons died of tuberculosis.

There are 33,000 depositors in United States postal savings banks.

The kangaroo has been designated as the official emblem of Australia.

Lightning is more frequent in Florida and Illinois than any other states.

The United States is now the greatest photographic materials producing country.

More than 3,500,000 acres of land are held as game preserves in Scotland.

On the American continent there are 1624 languages and dialects made use of.

Blackbirds are protected by law in California and exist in clouds.

Olive oil produced in Austria during the last year totaled 1,603,[illegible] gallons.

Submarine cables resting at the bottom of the sea represent a valuation of $250,000,000.

Dogs are to be employed as sentries for the fortress of Gibraltar by the British government.

European dealers purchase large quantities of Kentucky blue grass seed every year, much of it going to Germany.

The British army will be equipped with rifles with longer barrels but smaller bore to give the bullets greater velocity.

Germany's excess of births over deaths is greater than that of any other country with a like industrial development.

California orange growers are experimenting with electric heaters to protect their trees from frost

Austria - Hungary imports grain chiefly from the Balkan states, Russia and Argentina.

Great Britain's annual output of jewelry and plated goods is more than $48,000,000.

The fourth international congress on home education will be held in Philadelphia in 1914.

Japanese paper umbrellas and lanterns are waterproofed with an oil extracted from rubber plant seeds.

The weight of a bushel of salt as established in the different states, varies from 50 to 80 pounds.

Dogs are made use of to haul light artillery in the Belgian army, and are being experimented with by the Holland army.

It has been demonstrated thoroughly that automobiles can be operated in a temperature as low as 70 degrees below zero.

New York authorities are making tests to determine the effect of tea and coffee on school children, using 10,000 subjects.

The Portland cement output in this country between 1870 and 1879 was only 82,000 barrels. In 1913 the output was 80,000,000 barrels.

Although the greater part of the world's coffee now comes from South America, there are some states in that country where it is scarcely used.

The new Asiatic cable will be laid from Aden to Hong Kong via Colombo and Singapore. It will be 6,000 miles long and will cost $5,000,000.

Portugal affords a small field for the importation and sale of American fireworks. The annual expenditure for these goods is estimated at $140,000 to $150,000.

Recent experiments seem to have shown that richer sugar beets can be grown in some parts of England than are produced on the continent of Europe.

A movement is on foot to use the Panama canal construction equipment for the digging of a 1,000-mile irrigation ditch through western Nebraska and Kansas.

The upper side of a dirigible balloon built for the British navy has been coated with aluminum dust to reflect the sun's rays and lessen the effect of their heat on the gas it contains.

Germany discourages the cutting of peat, as the government desires to convert the moors and bogs into arable lands through proper drainage. This action is taken because of the scarcity of cattle and meat.

Very good smoking tobacco was produced on a small scale in England last year and considerable interest is being taken in the efforts being made to revive the tobacco growing industry in the English countries.

For harvesting pea and bean vines without bending the back a Michigan man has invented a rakelike tool equipped with a cutting blade that gathers the vines together in bunches as they are cut.

The record for longevity of ships was until a few years ago held by the Italian vessel Anita. Built in Genoa in 1548, she made her last voyage in 1902 from Teneriffe to Naples. She was thus more than 350 years old.

Are dried fruits, such as figs, peaches and dates, necessaries or luxuries? Canadian merchants, who are asking for a reduction of freight rates, assert that these are now necessaries—made so by an elevation of the standard of living.

Missouri has a farm which annually produces more than a million bushels of corn. One field on this farm has 6,000 acres and 42 two-row cultivators may be seen at one time working in it, looking like an army of chariots ready to charge. The corn produced is not usually sold, but is fed to stock.

# The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

## A CHURCH WEDDING

By Martha Holden

A correspondent, who calls herself a Jolly Farmer's Wife, writes to inquire the manner and procedure in conducting a marriage ceremony in her neighboring church.

She says it has been usual, among her friends and associates, to celebrate marriages at home, but now comes a young couple who wish her advice about a church ceremony.

I am delighted to help Jolly Farmer's Wife plan the church celebration —for of all social entertainments, a wedding is my favorite, and I do believe that a church service gives it a dignity which is scarcely possible in the home.

God's house is rightly the place to sanctify the highest of earthly vows, but the home is a beautiful place too, because the right sort of home is also the abode of God.

Now for the manner of the wedding.

May we not imagine the scene of this particular ceremony; a white, green-shuttered meeting house, somewhat back from the leafy, hilly, Pennsylvania roadside.

All along the way from the bride's house to the church are blooming hedges and singing birds, the laughter of happy girls and a rose strewn path to the church door.

Loving friends have already made the square old church a bower of woodsy green and garden flowers; there are even clusters tied on the pew corners reserved for the families of the bride and groom—there is no limit to the flowers—all the gardens of the countryside have contributed. What city bride is so rich in blossoms, or in their loving arrangement and bestowal? Beside these voluntary offerings, the florist's paid services make a fleeting show.

Guests arrive promptly. They are shown to seats by friends of the groom —young ushers who offer an arm to the ladies. All the women guests wear light colored clothing if possible; it is good luck to the bride, and helps to brighten the church.

The bride is all in white, and if she wears any jewelry, it is the groom's gift, usually a locket or pendant.

She walks to the altar with her father or nearest male relative, preceded by the ushers, then by six or eight of her girl friends, and a maid of honor; these attendants are not essential, but they help the picture.

At the altar the ushers and maids separate two by two, to right and left, the groom, with the best man and the minister, having come from the rear room near the altar, are awaiting the bride. The groom goes forward to meet her, takes her right hand and they kneel before the altar a moment while the congregation rises, and stands throughout the ceremony. The bride stands at the left of the groom.

The organist has played a wedding march for the approach of the party and then appropriate music very softly during the ceremony. At its close an organ march is again resumed, and husband and wife proceed up the aisle, arm in arm.

All the guests remain seated until the bridal party has passed out. Next the immediate families and friends depart, and then the general congregation.

Congratulations may be offered at the church door or soon after in the home of the bride's parents, where a collation is served.

It is an exploded idea, that of allowing every one to kiss the bride. Only near relatives should claim this privilege.

There is something exquisitely poetical in the idea of a June wedding. It is the very month for the softer emotions, and for a wedding journey.

All hours of the day are suitable for the ceremony. Lately there has been a fashionable preference for four in the afternoon.

It would seem that an earlier hour were preferable for a country church wedding. High noon perhaps, with a wedding dinner to follow, and an hour or two with the happy couple and the relatives and friends, including Jolly Farmer's Wife, on the lawn. She would not forget the rice and old shoes, which should be thrown for good luck after the departing couple.

## Our Correspondents

I am 71 years old and raised in a country, but I wonder if manners have changed when I see suposedly refined people cleaning their throats and expectorating, picking their teeth, and belching, all of which I once was taught was ill bred to do in the presence of another.—Mrs. J. C. W., N. M.

Thank you, for your cordial and hopeful message to me. I sincerely trust it may be a true prophet.

As for the manners of people today —are not some of them appalling? This sounds pessimistic, but the world is really growing better—only a large majority of its manners need mending.

I was astonished not long since to see children and even grown ups chewing gum in Sunday school.

Time was when a young maiden was forbidden to sit with even her feet crossed, and always with her knees close together. The sight of her ankles was not for the vulgar ity throng. But times have changed. Laxity in dress causes freedom in manners.

Again, in your mother's day, a girl was told never to touch her neckkerchief, or in any way arrange her dress in public. Not long ago I saw a girl at a concert take out her side comb, and comb her front hair!

Girls don't think how these things look to the people sitting back of them. Mothers, too, often neglect to instruct their daughters in the small observances which make or mar their conduct in public.—M. H.

Gladheart writes to thank all those who sent cards and remembrances to her little girl. She says in answer to a letter about the bestowal of property:

"I agree with Mrs. Emily R. B. to keep what you have until you are through with it."

Having seen the inquiry in The Blade of the 15th of this month, wishing to know the author of the song, "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground, Boys," will inform Mrs. McC. the words were written by J. W. Johnson and Bob Cole. Music by Rosamond Johnson, and respectfully dedicated to Sergeant Carney of the Firty-fourth Massachusetts.—C. S. S., Michigan.

I enjoy gathering wild flowers. I have two pets, a little brown dog and a squirrel. Here is a riddle: "Lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upward."—Elsie Scott, Scottland, Ills.

If "Prospective Author," of Alabama, will give his address I will send a card. I, too, first opened my eyes on the farm, where the largest stove factory in the world is located; also my father was born on this farm, lived 86 years and died on the farm where he was born.—Mrs. M. F.

### ADDRESSES WANTED

Girl from the Golden West.

Gypsy Belle.

In the matter of publishing addresses on this page, permit me to say that, as a rule, we do not publish the address of any, save children.

Exceptions are made in the case of shut-in people, aged or ill, to whom a card or greeting will bring good cheer. If you wish an address, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and the information, if at hand, will be given you; if not, the address will be asked for in these columns.—M. H.

## Young Woman Guards Priceless Treasures

New York, June 13.—Miss Bella De Costa Green, librarian of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's priceless book treasures, is one of the country's notables in her line. She probably spends more money in one day than any other young woman of her age in the country. She is 27 and an expert on rare books. She often during Mr. Morgan's life time—and she is continuing the practice under the direction of his son, the present J. P. Morgan—spent as much as $40,000 a day on one volume, and a musty old work at that, which the average person would thoughtlessly throw into the junk heap.

Miss Green was left $50,000 by the late Mr. Morgan, but she was well to do in her own right before that legacy came her way. She learned all about rare treasures of literature when taking a special course at Princeton in library research work.

It is not a simple matter to be librarian of such a wonderful collection as Mr. Morgan gathered. She had to study in diverse fields and be able to tell accurately and at once the value of the good and detect the worthlessness of the fraudulent.

## POETS' CORNER

### GO PLANT A TREE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Oh, what a joy it is to plant a tree
And from the sallow earth to watch it rise,
Lifting its emerald branches to the skies,
In silent adoration; and to see
Its strength and glory waxing with each spring.
Yes, 'tis a goodly and a gladsome thing
To plant a tree.

Nature has many marvels; but a tree
Seems more than marvelous; it is divine.
So generous, so tender, so benign.
Not garrulous, like the rivers, and yet free
In pleasant converse with the winds and birds,
Oh, privilege beyond explaining words
To plant a tree.

Rocks are majestic; but, unlike a tree,
They stand aloof and silent. In the roar
Of ocean billows breaking on the shore
There sounds the voice of turmoil. But a tree
Speaks ever of companionship and rest,
Yea, of all righteous acts, this, this is best
To plant a tree.

There is an oak—oh, how I love that tree,—
Which has been thriving for a hundred years.
Each day I send my blessing through the spheres
For one who gave this trifle boon to me
Of growing beauty, singing birds and shade.
Wouldst thou win laurels which shall never fade?
Go plant a tree.

### JUST SUPPOSE

If you were a Japanese doll, my dear,
You poor little thing, you would look so queer,
With your eyes cut bias, most up-side down!
And no hair on your head but a fringe on the crown;
For in Japan they don't wear curls—
Which must be a trial to little girls.

But if a grown-up lady you chanced to be,
Quaint little fans on your pate we'd see;
But you'd have no dear little lace-trimmed frocks,
No dainty slippers nor pale pink socks.
Just a queer little gown of blue and red
And a parasol to go over your head;
Wooden shoes for your little bare feet,
Which must always be left at the door, my sweet;
For in the paper houses, so neat and clean,
Never a speck of dust is seen.

If you didn't live here, but in Japan,
Your name wouldn't be Rose, but Sadi San!
And, oh, dear me! If I lived there, too,
My insignificant name might be Matsu;
And I couldn't mother-love you just like this,
For in Japan they never kiss.
And the funniest thing is, they don't know how,
They can do nothing but bow and kotow.
So aren't you glad you live here with me,
And not in Japan, away over the sea?
—Annabel Watkins, in Baptist World.

### ALL

There hangs a saber and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a moldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood-drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All! Oh, God! it is all I can speak;
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His saber and saddle hang on the wall;
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

Bayard Taylor is reported to have said of the above: "I know of no finer poem of its length."

### RULE WITH LOVE

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song.
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit—
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow forever,
Better teach it where to go.

### BLUE BELL

By Edward Madden.

Blue Bell, the dawn is waking;
Sweetheart, you must not sigh—
Blue Bell, my heart is breaking,
I've come to say good-bye.
Hear how the bugle's calling;
Calling to each brave heart—
Sweetheart, your tears are falling,
Blue Bell, we two must part.

Chorus:
Good-bye, my Blue Bell, farewell to you,
One last fond look into your eyes so blue,
'Mid camp fires gleaming, 'mid shot and shell,
I will be dreaming of my own Blue Bell.

Blue Bell, they are returning,
Each greets a sweetheart true;
Blue Bell, your heart is yearning,
Never a one greets you;
Sadly they tell the story,
Tell how he fought and fell;
No thought of fame or glory,
Only of his Blue Bell.

### THE RIVER SHANNON

By J. I. Russell

There's a pretty spot in Ireland I always claim for my land,
Where the fairies and the blarney will never, never die;
It's the land of the shillalah, my heart goes back there daily
To the girl I left behind me when we kissed and said good-bye.
Sure no letter I'll be mailing for soon will I be sailing,
And I'll bless the ship that takes me to my dear old Erin's shore;
There I'll settle down forever, I'll leave the old sod never,
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart, "Come and take my name ashore."

Chorus

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is I am going, to my little Irish Rose,
And the moment that I meet her with a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter where the river Shannon flows.

### SONGS WANTED

Oh, that verdant broad Savannah.
This is her happiest time.
Come to see me, neighbor, do.
A Fireside Ballad.
Sometime when all Life's lessons have been learned.

I want to thank many contributors of the poem, "The Bravest Battle." Your response was so prompt, and so many pleasant greetings and kind words came with the poems, that it made me feel like requesting at least one a week.—M. H.

### WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER

Dearest love do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of grey,
When you vowed for me and country
Ne'er to go astray.

Chorus.
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Sighs and tears in vain,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying to meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song;
Oft in dreams I see you lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying—
Calling, but in vain.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

But our country calls you, loved one,
Angels guide your way,
While our southern sons are fighting
We can only pray;
When you strike for God and freedom,
Let all nations see
How you loved your southern banner,
Emblem of the free.

### THE CRY OF THE MOTHERS

Lizzie Clark Hardy.

My life is so narrow, so narrow, environed by four square walls;
And ever across my threshold the shadow of duty falls.
My eyes wander oft to the hilltops, but ever my heart stoops down
In a passion of love to the babies that helplessly cling to my gown.

In the light of a new day dawning I see an evangel stand;
And to fields that are ripe for the harvest, I am called by a beckoning hand.
But I have no place with the reapers, no part in the soul-stirring strife;
I must hover my babes on the hearthstone and teach them the lessons of life.
I must answer their eager questions with God-given words of truth;
I must guide them in ways of wisdom through childhood and early youth;
I must nourish their souls and their bodies with infinite, watchful care;
Take thought of the loaves and the fishes, and the raiment that they must wear.

But at night, when the lessons are over, and I cuddle each sleepy head,
When the questions are asked and answered, and the last little prayer is said,
When the fruitless unrest has vanished that fretted my heart through the day,
Then I kneel in the midst of my children, and humbly and thankfully pray:—

"Dear Lord, when I stand with the reapers before thee at set of the sun,
When the sheaves of the harvest are garnered and life and its labor are done,
I shall lay at thy feet these, my children; to my heart and my garments they cling.
I may not go forth with the reapers, but these are the sheaves I shall bring."

### GIVE THE FLOWERS NOW

Leigh M. Hedges.

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Closed hands can't hold them, you know;
Breath that is still cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of Earth does endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give the flowers now.

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the care and the tears;
Now is the time to be soothing
The frowns and the furrows and fears.
What to closed ears are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give the flowers now.

Just a kind word or a greeting,
Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
The burdens of many a mile.
After the journey is over,
What is the use of them, how
Can they carry, who must be carried?
Oh, give the flowers now.

Blooms from the happy heart's garden,
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessing such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of the many,
So give the flowers now.

## THE COZY CORNER

### OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

### A PIONEER DAUGHTER

I just can't keep still any longer. We have taken The Blade for quite a long time, but I have never written before. But when I read that dear Pioneer Mother's letter. I just had to write!—Mrs. B. F. M., of Indiana.

My father, too, cleared a place large enough to build a little log house for him and mother, when they first started on life's rough sea. That was many years ago. Mother has gone to her reward. If the younger people of today had to get along the way our fathers and mothers did they would think it hard indeed. But they were happy withal, and I think far healthier than we. Many a time father would go out before breakfast and get a deer, for they were very plentiful then; in fact, about all the meat the people had at that time was wild game, and their horses and oxen; but they used them for all purposes, and never thought of pride when riding behind them, any more than one does now riding in an auto. The best dress the ladies had was calico, and the men of those days did not change their pants every time they called on a neighbor, the way they do today. What good times they must have had, with all their hardships. How very much I enjoy "our" page, and how very much we owe our kind editor for making it what it is.—Only a Little One.

Thank you for the kind words, the good wishes and the violet. If the weather ever warms up, perhaps we may have a park ramble.—M. H.

### A SOLDIER'S GRANDDAUGHTER

I am an old soldier's granddaughter. My grandfather and two uncles were killed in the war. I read a letter in The Blade from A Hayseed from southwestern Iowa. I, too, live in southwestern Iowa.—Sunshine from Iowa.

### THE LITTLE CANDLE'- BEAMS

I think Peace Page brings the readers of The Blade together as a family, and when we can send a postal or some token of love or friendship to those that are sick, something that will cheer them up and make them happy. That is what life is for, and we are better for it ourselves. Our lives should be like a candle that consumes itself to give light to others. And if we do that we will make others happy and get more pleasure ourselves. God bless the Peage Page.—A Reader, Michigan.

### THE PRESERVATION OF BIRDS

The subject is "The Preservation of the Birds." Each and all of us have seen boys and older persons busily engaged in the ruthless slaughter of those innocent creatures of the air that perch upon the neighboring trees and soig their songs of gladness and mirth. I believe that any man or boy who willfully kills the birds for mere sport lacks the qualifications of being an upright citizen. The crusade against the willful slaughtering of birds is being conducted throughout the United States with much zeal and enthusiasm, and a majority of the states in the union are enacting drastic laws tending to prevent this ominous practice. If the sweet music of the birds would cease to exist during the summer time, when the woods and dells are carpeted with flowers, when the zephyrs of spring blow across the sodden fields, there would come a period of inanity and quietness which could not be broken by any contrivance of man. The fields would glimmer as brightly in the sunlight, the brooks and rivers would reflect back the blushes of the sky, and the murmur of falling waters would fill the valleys with sonorous vibrations, but all this would be incomplete without the music of the birds.

Winter, with its roaring of winds, its furries of snow and icy rivers, would not seem so lonely and dreary if the birds could live through its rigors and sing their songs of glee. I believe nature would be incomplete without the music of the birds; and if the men who aid in exterminating them could be placed in some region where they could not enjoy the privilege of sound they would be less anxious to destroy those innocent creatures. How many of the cousins think the same?—Loyal Wolverine.

### A HEROINE OF EVERYDAY

I love the Peace Page. I am a subscriber for The Blade and certainly enjoy this part of the paper. When coming home from my hard day's work, I can pick up this paper and it rests me. I find others that the cares of this life oppress and they are so cheerful over them that it encourages me and helps lift the heavy burden of care. I am a very busy woman, as I have three little ones to care for and my home to keep up, and no one to help, financially, and it means everyday work. And some day when my time is not so limited I will write and tell you how I manage and how I keep my boy of 14 and twin girls of 12 busy and employed so they love to stay at home, although mother cannot be with them until 6 at night. Such good children, too. Now I want to ask a favor: Will any one send the poem, "Some Day." The first lines are:

"Some time when life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and moon and stars forever more have set,"

And the song:

"Where the Silver Colorado wends its way."

Would be so glad to see those in print. Your friend—Busy.

### A HOME LETTER

Dear Friends All—Here I come again for a little chat. I am so glad spring and the birds are nearly here, I am going to enjoy the new topic, "Wholesome home." I hope to learn how some of the sisters manage who find it necessary to spend only a part of the time at home, and have not their own house in which to make improvement and not very long in one place—how they manage a misfit. I make the best of everything. I wonder if that is all we can do?

I want to tell the sisters who are troubled with ants to sprinkle in the cupboards, pantry or the window where they come in, with wormwood. I got a little package at the drug store, sprinkled some where the ants were and in less than 24 hours they were all gone, and did not return. They were large black ants, but I think it should be the same for any other kind.—Just Plain Mary.

Let us have some more housekeeping letters. Suggestions for cleaning, for improving and beautifying the home. We can't hear too much about this subject, interesting to all womankind.—M. H.

### HELP NAME THE TWINS

I want names for twins. I am a little girl 7 years old. We now live in Maryland. The land here at Princess Anne is level, lots of fish and oysters are found, but no rocks. The roads are made of oyster shells.

I have a twin brother and sister a week old. We hardly know what to name them. I would like to receive names on cards or in letters that sound alike.—Velma Hively, Princess Anne, Md.

## A Luncheon Menu

To the Readers of the Peace Page—In response to the Busy Housekeeper's request for hints on a dainty luncheon I am sending a menu for a simple little three-course luncheon and directions for preparing same.

Salmon Salad. Sandwiches.
Fruit Salad. Wafers.
Cocoa.

For the salmon salad take one can of salmon and pour over it the following dressing: One egg well beaten with one teaspoonful each of butter, sugar, pepper, salt and mustard; add one-half cupful of vinegar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Boil until thick, then when cold thin with cream.

For the sandwiches, plain bread and butter may be used but if a filling is desired peanut butter is excellent if cucumber pickles are cut into small pieces and distributed here and there in the sandwich. Or take olives cut into rather small pieces and mix with mayonaise dressing and spread between slices of bread and butter. These are very good also.

The fruit salad is made as follows: One large bunch celery, cut in small pieces; add to this five large apples cut the same way, one heaping cupful of chopped hickory nut meats, one and one-half cupfuls of white grapes (fresh), seeded and cut in halves. Mix well and set in cool place. Beat up two eggs in sauce pan, add one-third of vinegar, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of celery seed, one teaspoon made mustard, one teaspoon of sugar. Stir over fire until it boils, then remove from fire and cool. Pour this dressing over the salad and serve.

I have never made any wafers as it is easy to buy them.

The cocoa may be substituted by coffee if desired.

I hope this luncheon will prove satisfactory and if any of the rest of the readers would like recipes I will be glad to help them through the Peace Page.—Nebraska Girl (age 15).

Let us have a girl's cooking class. I should be glad to publish other menus as devised by young girls. Send in your tried recipes; it helps a lot.—M. H.

## MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

### A LITTLE FARMER

I am a poor little farmer. My mother died when I was small. I have three brothers, two of them are in West Virginia, one of them I have not seen in six years and can't hear from him. Dear boys and girls, after reading so many of your good letters, you seem like some of my people. After reading a good letter from Babe in the middle west, I became very much interested in him, so I thought to myself it would be great sport for us to be together a while, though I could not ride the cronchos just like the Babe, so I hope to hear from him again. Hello to the little girl that wrote the sposin letter. I will say I am sposin a great many things. Sposin I could see all of the boys and girls that I have read letters from. You all talk about your hobbies so I think if I have any at all it is to be honest and write and read letters. As a little farmer, I live far back in the country and it has been so cold this winter I haven't done very much this winter—feed and cut wood and sit in the cozy corner. But I think it will get better soon so I can get out to work a little. I am thinking of going west this spring. Well, I see some good old letters from the dear old mothers. Sometimes I think if I had a mother I could not be good enough to her, so when you lose mother you lose the best friend on earth. So, boys and girls, you who have mothers, treat them well in every respect; fathers the same. I have neither father nor mother. Best wishes to one and all. —Edward L., Virginia.

### A WISE MOTHER

For many years I have been a reader of The Toledo Weekly Blade, my father having taken it from 1885 until last year, when he passed from us. After his death I decided it must still come to my home. About 18 or 19 years ago I wrote frequently to the M. G. R. and had a little story or so published in the Children's Corner, but since then I have never written, though I read the page regularly.

I have seen no letters from Southern California and wondered if some of you would not like to hear a bit about our lovely land. I have lived in the eastern states and on the coast, but have never seen a country or climate so pure as this. Our home is on the coast and our pretty town nestles on the hillsides and looks out over the lovely blue Pacific; to the east a wide curve in the beach where the breakers are ever frothing and to the south, where the Santa Barbara Islands left their purple outlines. Our town boasts of an old mission and it is still in active use as the Catholic church of the town. Our country is the banner bean land of the world. Hundreds of carloads of limas are shipped each year. Lemons, oranges, walnuts and oil are large industries in our county. Flowers bloom the year round, calla lilies being almost too common to be appreciated, geraniums growing to great tangled thickets, six to eight feet high if left alone. In our yard there are two fuchias each about five feet tall and the trunks as large around as a man's arm. On our place here in town, consisting of two lots we have lemon, orange, fig, walnut, peach, pear, apple and plum trees, a guava bush and a banana plant which has produced three bunches of bananas in the last two years, and which are very good to eat, though not equal to the banana grown farther south. There are many beautiful drives in the county and several fine parks besides hot and cold springs resorts. Our county is very diversified as regards both climate and topography. The ocean bounds one side, where reigns the most equable of climates, but there are high mountains also, where the thermometer drops considerably below zero and King Frost holds carnival.

I have a very happy home, a husband and two little children, a girl and boy, and just at present I am deeply interested in all questions that pertain to the wisest and best training of children. I was a teacher for years before marriage, but child culture never interested me then as it does now. How to instruct our children best so they may have clean minds and pure hearts and so avoid falling into the wrong and sin which beset us on every hand. I propose to personally instruct my children in sex hygiene so that they may have clean ideas and not wait, that unclean associates may get in their work first. I take several mothers' magazines and am sincerely trying to prepare myself in the best way to instruct them.—Mrs. E.

### A GIRL'S LETTER

Oh, my! Yes, I have got the M. G. R. fever, too. I would be pleased to sit by the girl whose hobby is baseball, for I'm crazy about ball.

I would like to go back to Montana —back where I was born. It was in a mining camp in the Rocky mountains in Montana. I came to Michigan when 5 years old and have always lived here since. Where is Cherokee Girl gone? I love her letters. There are seven lakes within five miles of here—Opal Brannan, Mich.

## HOUSEHOLD

If the lady, (Sarah Jane Perry) who wrote the Old Black Mammy Receipts, has any good and sure remedy for worms for children, and for night sweats and also bed wetting, I hope to see them in print.—Mrs. N. G., Iowa.

I was charmed and mystified by the always dainty freshness and absolute smoothness of my friend's beds. The secret of it was this: Her embroidered pillow-cases were a trifle larger and longer than those used during the night so that each morning they were slipped on over the night cases. In addition to match, she had a strip of linen (yard wide), but as long as a sheet is wide), one selvedge edge of which was hemstitched and embroidered to match the pillow cases. Then, after the bed was laid and the sheets turned down, this strip was adjusted over them as if it were a sheet.—Mrs. M. M. L., Florida.

Even with careful washing a much-used coffee pot will become so stained as to give a muddy color to the coffee made in it. To prevent this and thoroughly clean the pot, boil in it for half an hour each week a strong solution of borax and water.—L. M., St. Joe, Tex.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### An Oregon Pet.

I am a genuine Oregonian, having lived in Oregon all my life.

I want to tell about one of our pets. He is a real, live, black Teddy bear. It is seldom one can be gotten as young as ours. They generally come out of their nest after about two months, but the mother of these was killed. After she was killed these were found. There were three in the nest. The man that found them took them home, and took care of them, but one died. We purchased one of the others. He is about four and a half inches high and only weighed about two pounds and eleven ounces when he was first gotten. He was about the size of a big rat and he didn't have one bit of hair on him. We have to feed him from a bottle. He looks very cunning and cries like a baby. He is only about three weeks old. We keep him in a little box behind the stove.

At least 125 people have been to our house to see him besides at least 200 saw him while he was downtown.

I would like to receive cards from any of the readers.—Orpha Green, Grant's Pass, Oregon.

### A Young Traveler.

I was born in Elkhart, Ind., but came west with my parents 12 years ago, but would live to see the dear old town once more. I have traveled with my parents a great deal. We have spent two summers in the mountains in Colorado and they are grand. It is always cool in the mountains and can see snow on the highest peaks the year around. We camped last summer in the mountains where it was just 10,000 feet above sea level. It made me pretty dizzy for awhile, but I got over it. Then we went to Cheyenne, Wyo., Frontier Day. They have all kinds of sports there. Bucking broncho contests, roping steer contests, sham battles and racing.—Kansas Sunflower.

### A Big Brother.

I wonder of "Russell," from Kansas would like to be answered by one who is rather too old to be called a boy. I hope he will retain his patriotism during the remainder of his natural life, and be as willing to defend his country, if it should become necessary, as did his grandfather. I admire his kindness to his mother, for that indeed is a noble trait. His motto, also, if adhered to, will assist him to be an honorable man. Boys, love sport of the kind he mentioned, but be careful, or the equipments they use in play may become harmful.—A. Newman.

### A Young Short-Stop.

I am a little boy 10 years old. I live near the Hudson river. I belong to a baseball team, I am shortstop. I am in the fourth grade in school. I like geopgraphy best of all my studies. I have a little playhouse about nine feet long and six feet wide, with an attic in it. My birthday is in N vember.—Everett Prentice, Woodcliff on Hudson, N. J.

### A Kind Boy.

I am 12 years old. Say, Russel, from Kansas, I also wash mother's dishes and help her and father do lots of little turns. We live on a fruit farm, and I have no sisters, but two brothers, and a pet dog and two cats. Russell, your motto is fine; mine is: "Be kind to all God's creatures." I, too, belong to the Boy Scouts of America. The 17th of May is my little brother's birthday. Will you boys and girls please send him some cards, for he is a sweet little fellow? If I am welcome, I will come again and tell you about the beautiful mountains here My brother's address is Master Delbert Carbaugh, Fayetteville, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1. I am your friend.—Renner.

### SHORT AND SWEET.

Nellie, Miles City, Mont., 12 years old, says her hobby is music. She does not get tired of practicing.

Autumn Antoinette Little, Randolph, Pa., says she is a great lover of animals. A wren has built her nest in their woodhouse for two summers, "and no one has ever harmed her."

I am a girl 13 years old. I have just come in from feeding the little ducklings. They were set under a hen and they do not understand the way she talks. You should see them all follow me when I go to dig worms for them. I think they really like me better than the hen.—Dorothy Spann, Alto Pass, Ill.

Bertie Davis, Hendersonville, N. C., is another litle girl whose pet is a baby. This time it is a little niece.

## OUR COOK BOOK

**Bran Biscuits.**—4 cups of wheat bran, 2 cups of whole wheat flour, 2-3 cup molasses (the black molasses), soda, salt, enough sour milk so as to dip with a spoon. Eat for your bread once a day anyway.

**Emergency Baked Beans.** — Emergency baked beans may easily be had by baking double quantity whenever convenient, and putting hot into sterile glass fruit jars and sealing. To reheat these, remove cover from jar, put into cold water, and leave until water boils and they are thoroughly steamed.—E. M. V., Massachusetts.

**To Make the Butter Come.**—When you churn and the butter simply won't come, put honey into your cream, at the rate of one teaspoonful of honey to one gallon of cream. It works wonders, and to my knowledge has never yet failed.—R. L. M., Kansas.

**Hot Potato Salad.**—Wash six medium-sized potatoes of uniform size and cook in boiling water to cover until soft. Cool, remove skins and cut in very thin slices crosswise. Cover the bottom of a large graniteware pan with potatoes and sprinkle with one-half cupful of celery finely chopped, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Mix two tablespoonfuls each of tarragon and cider vinegar, and add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one slice of lemon cut one-third inch thick. Bring slowly to the boiling point, remove lemon, pour over potatoes, cover and let stand in the oven until thoroughly heated.

THIS WOMAN HAD MUCH PAIN WHEN STANDING

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made Her a Well Woman.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—"I have always had great confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as I found it very good for organic troubles and recommend it highly. I had displacement, backache and pains when standing on my feet for any length of time, when I began to take the medicine, but I am in fine health now. If I ever have those troubles again I will take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. ED. FERRON, 816 High St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had organic displacement and bearing down pains and backache and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends." — Mrs. ABRIL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

# Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

### MADSTONE

Kindly give some information about the madstone.—B. R. H., Simla, Colo.

Madstone is a vegetable substance or stone which, when applied to the wound caused by a mad dog is said to prevent hydrophobia. The most famous one in the United States is owned by the descendents of a family named Fred, in Virginia. It is about two inches long by one inch broad, and about half an inch thick, and is of a chocolate color. When applied to the wound it adheres until the poison is absorbed, when it drops off. It is then soaked in warm milk or water for a time, and when removed the liquid is found to be full of a greenish yellow scum. There are said to be three authenticated madstones in the United States.

### OLEANDER

Some information concerning the oleander would be appreciated by a reader of the Question Bureau.—W. R., Michigan.

The oleander is a shrub. Two or three species have narrow, leathery evergreen leaves and terminal cymes of flowers, usually pink, followed by pods containing twisted seeds. The common oleander is a native of subtropical and tropical Asia and of the Mediterranean region. It has been introduced into other warm countries for the purpose of ornametation. The greenhouses have it growing in tubs. The oleander is so abundant in the Bermudas that the landscape is tinted by its bloom at certain seasons of the year. Outside of being an ornament the shrub has few uses, although charcoal from its soft light wood is used in Algeria for making gunpowder. The plants are easily grown from cuttings placed in water or wet sand. They thrive best in rather moist soil, but will also do on high land if they obtain a good roothold. The sweet-scented oleander is a native of Japan, Persia and India. Being less sturdy than common species it is less cultivated.

### SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

The justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are: Edward D. White, Chief Justice and the associate Justices: Joseph McKenna, Oliver W. Holmes, William R. Day, Horace H. Lurten, Charles E. Hughes, W. Van Devanter, Joseph R. Lamar, Mahlin Pitney.

The speaker of the House is Champ Clark. A list of the cabinet officers was published in the Bureau of June 5.

### HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I desire a short sketch of the life of Henry W. Longfellow published in the Question Bureau.—F. D. R., Idaho.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807, at which time Maine was a part of Massachusetts. He was the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, a man of much note in the first half of the last century, both in law and politics, and one who was an early member of the house of representatives. He went to Bowdoin College in 1821, at the age of 14; he graduated in 1825, when only 18 years of age. He began his poetical career in college. He abandoned his first intentions of becoming a lawyer. When 19 he was made professor of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin college. The next four years he spent in Europe. He assumed the chair in which he was appointed in 1830 and held it till 1835. He wrote many articles for papers and magazines and found time to produce a number of poetical gems. His numerous published works are too well known to need special mention. He died March 24, 1882.

### MINT CULTURE

I would like to have the Question Bureau tell me how mint is cultivated and distilled.—H. L. M., Ohio.

The half dozen cultivated mints are managed alike. They will grow on any soil that will produce good crops of potatoes, but since they are considered exhausting crops, are included in the rotation only once in four or five years. Upon reclaimed swamps which are considered the best land for their cultivation, the mint can be grown for five or more consecutive years without a change of crop. The land is first plowed and harrowed and small pieces of the root stocks are dropped at intervals of a few inches in shallow furrows about 30 inches apart. The land is kept free from weeds all during the season, especial care being taken to rid it of smartweed, firewood, ragweed an horseweed, which will seriously injure the product if included in the "hay" which is distilled. The ground devoted to mint must be weeded by hand when the vines become too heavy for horse cultivation. When the earliest flowers appear, which is usually about midsummer, the tops are cut and cured like hay. They are then stored in a covered place for distilling.

This process is usually conducted with steam, which enters the still below, passes upward through the mass of hay, carrying the essential oil with it, and condenses in coils of pipe cooled by running water. After being condensed the oil and water is separated by gravity. After standing for some time crystals of menthol appear in the oil of peppermint. The annual yield of oil per acre sometimes exceeds 50 pounds and sometimes a second profitable cutting of the crop may take place in autumn. Having once been planted the crop takes care of itself from year to year.

### CHARLIE ROSS

Please tell what you know concerning the abduction of Charlie Ross—F. E. E., Highley, Ohio.

Charlie Ross was kidnapped in Philadelphia many years ago. It has always been supposed that he was never found. At one time he was thought to be living in Galveston, that he had changed his name and was employed by a railroad. One person claimed that at one time he went to Philadelphia and saw his brother, who would not recognize him, stating that he was an imposter. His mother would not permit him to enter the house. Little credit is given to these stories and it is generally considered that he died.

### STATUE OF LIBERTY

Will you please give a description of the Statute of Liberty in New York harbor?—G. O., Maine.

The Statue of Liberty is situated on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor. The statue was a present from the people of France to the United States. It was unveiled October 28, 1886. Bartholdi designed the statue. The money was raised by popular subscription in France, taking five years to complete the fund. The statue is made of bronze and weighs 450,000 pounds; the bronze alone weighs 200,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand in the head, and 12 in the torch. Four hundred and three steps lead from the base of the foundation to the top of the torch, while from the ground to the top of pedestal there are 195 steps. There are 154 steps leading from the pedestal to the head, and the ladder leading up through the extended right arm to the torch has 54 rounds. The total cost of the statue, including the pedestal and cost of erection, is $600,000. Liberty exceeds in height the Colossus of Rhodes as the statue proper is 151 feet and 5 inches in height.

### SANTE FE TRAIL

Kindly tell something about the history of the Santa Fe Trail.—H. L. B., Kansas.

The original highway across the western prairie region was the famous Santa Fe trail extending from St. Louis to Santa Fe, New Mexico. In 1825 the people of Missouri secured congressional appropriation of $30,000 for the building of a better wagon road to Santa Fe. The survey was made, but the road was never completed. The first Santa Fe Trail was directly westward from Independence, Mo., to the mountains of Colorado, and thence south to Taos, which is about 175 miles north of Santa Fe. Afterward, as the trade grew, another trail was considerably used, the route which was followed substantially by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. But the favorite old Santa Fe trail was that along the Arkansas thence across to the Cimarron, thence almost in a direct line to Wagon Mound, N. M., a conspicuous landmark, thence to Las Vegas, San Miguel and Santa Fe. To the northward the pony express blazed the way across the plains to the Pacific coast, followed by the stage coach and the wagon trains, and later the Union Pacific railway marked the path of commerce that eventually brought the Atlantic and Pacific in close relation.

### MISCELLANEOUS

J. T. W., Parrish, N. C.—You had better consult a physician about the sort of clime that will cure catarrh.

J. Z., Defiance, O.—Halley's comet was last seen during parts of April and May, 1910.

L. G. S., Clarence, Ia.—Francis Scott Key was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843. William E. Dodge was born February 15, 1832, and died August 9, 1903. We have no biography of Freeman Hunt.

F. M. L., Fairview, Ind.—The Duchess of Marlborough was formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt.

O. W., Onoto, W. Va.—The green substance found in watering troughs is green algae.

E. W. W., Oberlin, O.—Payment for a newspaper sent after the subscription has expired cannot be collected.

B. M., Panther, W. Va.—The Question Bureau has no references mentioning the Ranier river dam bill.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Or, if you like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top and distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself, and after a thorough try-out, if you find that they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance.

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write name, address and age below.

$4 DR. HAUX $4

The Spectacle Man

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete paymeot of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

R. F. D..... Box..... State.....

$4 $4


# STOCKINGS STILL SAVINGS BANKS

## People of United States Are Like the Residents of France.

The summaries of the first two years of the American postal savings system, which are now being made, reveal some interesting conditions and surprises. The first and foremost is that, after all, the United States is like France—a country of stockings savings. The second revelation is that after the bankers and the congress, reluctantly seeing the postoffice becoming a banking institution after a fight lasting 28 years, tried to cripple the new law by giving it a discouragingly small amount of money on which to operate, they really created a new system of postoffice banking much superior to old systems.

Driven by this necessity to create a banking system that was free of expense in exce ss of the $100,000 appropriated the first year—lately raised, however, to $500,000—the postoffice department had to create on which was practically free of bookkeeping. The British system, established through Gladstone's influence back in 1861, is the one that has been copied all over the world and the one which this nation would have copied had it had the appropriation.

**System of Bookkeeping.**

This system involves such elaborate pass bookkeeping that in Great Britain more than 3,000 clerks and bookkeepers are necessary at headquarters to keep the accounts. They and their equipment fill large buildings which run into high investments or rents. The new American system closes the second year with $28,000,000 of deposits, and with a clerical and headquarters bookkeeping force of only 12 people. Now foreign countries are sending their experts over to see this new marvel of a system first hand. Japan especially is bent on an early adoption of this sweeping economy.

The pass book has been entirely eliminated. The depositor does his own bookkeeping.

**Method of Deposit.**

"When he comes into the postoffice," says the New York Times, in an elaborate report of the new system, "to deposit, say $50, the postmaster draws out a certificate and writes the depositor's name on it, stamps it and gives it to him. The depositor signs the duplicate certificate and puts the original in a jacket of stiff manila paper, on which are written his name, address, occupation, date of birth, parents' names and other facts to identify him, or lead to payment in event of death. The certificate is not transferable or negotiable, and in case it is lost or stolen it is practically impossible for the finder or thief to get the money unless the postmaster is extremely negligent.

As the postmaster is responsible for a mistaken payment, he has every reason to be careful. The thief or finder of the certificate is asked to sign his name. The handwriting of the real owner does not appear on the certificate he has found or stolen, so unless he is acquainted with his signature he has no way of knowing him to imitate it.

**Signature Compared.**

"The signature is compared with that on the duplicate, which has been filed away. If it should chance that the thief is sufficiently familiar with the depositor's signature to counterfeit it, it is not likely that he is able to answer the questions about the owner's birthplace, birthday, the Christian names of his parents and other matters recorded for identification. The system has been tested by forgers and thieves, but it has shown its merit."

The postmaster thus only makes a monthly report to headquarters and not on matters of bookkeeping, for there is no bookkeeping. The result of being forced to evolve a new cheap system is that the postoffice department has not only produced it, but a department which is already self-sustaining.

**Bedquilts and Kettles.**

The discovery that a vast number of people bank in stockings, bed quilts, kettles and hidden nooks and corners is the other interesting thing. It was thought that such conditions as are known to exist in France did not exist here—that everybody had confidence in banking institutions, and banked in them. The postal bank has demonstrated that this is not the case. Even the bankers who gathered at the big Detroit convention last year, agreed that the postal savings bank which they had been fighting so long, had not hurt them—had not resulted in private banks losing deposits. Instead it had helped them.

Ever since the government opened its savings bank windows old collections of coins and bills which had not seen the light of day for a long time, had been coming in steadily.

**Typical Illustration.**

A typical illustration is that of a westerner who brought in $20,000 of tarnished coins and was greatly distressed when told that the government thus far was barred from accepting more than $100 in a month and could only accept $500 of deposits from one individual. They had been buried for years; and are probably back, all except the $500—in their hiding place again.

The other surprise is that just where the postal savings bank was expected to make the best showing—in small towns and agricultural sections—it has made its poorest showing. There people have more faith than those in large cities in banks. The big mining sections and the larger towns and cities are the places where the deposits have been rolling in.

**Deposits of Foreigners.**

There has been a tremendous deposit by foreigners who do not know how the bankink institutions or methods in this country and are sending their money back home. The second year of operation of the postal savings bank saw a drop of $12,000,000 in foreign money orders, and it was in this period that the postal savings bank deposits jumped from $667,145 to $20,237,684.

There are now 8,000 first, second and third and 5,000 fourth class postoffices having savings deposits. At the end of the second year there were 243,801 depositors, of whom 162,338 were males and 81,463 females. Foreign born depositors number 36.2 per cent of the whole.

**Wish Limit Raised.**

The postal authorities wish the limit on deposits raised to $3,000 but interest to be paid only on $1,000.

The postal savings bank has benefited the regular banking and savings banking houses by getting vast amounts of money out of hiding and then depositing it at 2½ per cent with these banks. It is pointed out that in times of uneasiness, when confidence would be lost in private institutions, many depositors would likely withdraw their money from them. If the postal banks are made wide enough open to accept this money, it would again find its way back to the banks as government deposits and tend to support them, though under closer requirements forced by the government.

## WROTE POEMS TO HERSELF

### When Husband Discovered the Author He Was Proud of Her.

There are several classic tales in this good old town, says the San Francisco News Letter, and in all others, of lovelorn ladies with ingrowing romantic notions that find expressions in tender attentions to themselves. Every one knows the story of the happily married San Francisco woman who for years fooled no one but her husband with the lilies of the valley that came twice a week from her "mysterious lover."

Every one but the husband knew that she sent them to herself—and there were those who believed that the husband knew, too, but hated to spoil his wife's pet illusion. The principals in this affair died some years ago, but the story lives on.

Now comes a new story that the psychologist may add to his long collection of tales of this sort. Incidentally it shows that chivalry does not romp with a sense of humor in the makeup of this particular husband. His wife has for some time been receiving poems from some unknown, and together they have read them at the breakfast table or in the soft shaded light of the library after dinner.

Husband has taken aside every scribbler who belongs to the Bohemian Club, and has asked his opinion of the verse. Husband is the type that thinks that everything that belongs to him takes on added value, and therefore he preened himself mightily whenever a critic made kindly comment on the verse, even if the author had the temerity to address them to his lawful wedded wife.

Came a day when he decided to discover the author of the tender love sonnets, and the detective employed for the purpose reported in scant time that the wife herself was the author. "She begged me not to say anything about sending them to herself," confided the husband to his club fellows, who sometimes push their pens to rhythmic gait, "but, by Jove, if it's as good stuff as you fellows say it is, I want you to know that my wife wrote them all herself."

The tapping of rubber trees is now done by an electrical device, which greatly facilitates the operation.

# RATTLESNAKE KING AWAITS DEATH

Florence, Ore., Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

LUTHER KING, better known as "Rattlesnake King," who is slowly dying in Florence, does not believe that he will live till August and that at last there will be an end to his affliction, which he himself terms "the serpent's brand that the Bible speaks about," and which has no parallel in the catalogue of local affairs.

Recently the Evangelical Church of Florence prayed in a body for the old man.

In the early part of August, 1875, 38 years ago, Luther King was picking blackberries in the mountains of Idaho, when a rattlesnake, disturbed in its sleep, struck quickly and without warning and closed its teeth so firmly upon his leg a little below the knee that he dragged it as he ran, whipping, and jerking, for 200 yards or more.

He reached camp all right, the poison was extracted from the bite, the wound healed in a few weeks, and, probably, as he believes, all the subsequent history of the bite, the suffering it caused and its strange, almost incredible manifestations would not have occurred had it not been for one circumstance—the time of year. August, as is well known, is dog days, and during this month snakes shed, are blind and they strike at everything they hear. It was the bite of a blind and shedding snake that brought dog days and recurrent death into the life of Luther King.

For 20 years an unaccountable period of dormacy of the effects that afterward took place, he went about sound and well, the snake-bite practically forgotten. Then on the last day of July, 1895, he felt a peculiar irritation on the bitten leg, but upon the instep and not just below the knee, where appeared the faint scar of the bite. The next morning, August 1, he woke up feeling dizzy and to find that the irritating spot on his instep was sore. All that month he slept from 18 to 20 hours a day; drank little and ate scarcely anything, while the functions of the body stopped. On the first of September he got out of bed and called for something to eat. By the 4th of September the sore was completely healed.

On the last day of July the next year he felt again an itching on his instep, two itchings, and at the same time he felt dizzy as with malaria. The next morning the year-old scar upon his instep had revived into a sore and not two inches away was another sore. Again he slept the whole month through, with little drink or food, and imagining in his delirium that a rattlesnake was coiled up on his leg under the skin. On the first day of September he got up hungry. By the 4th of September the sores were well.

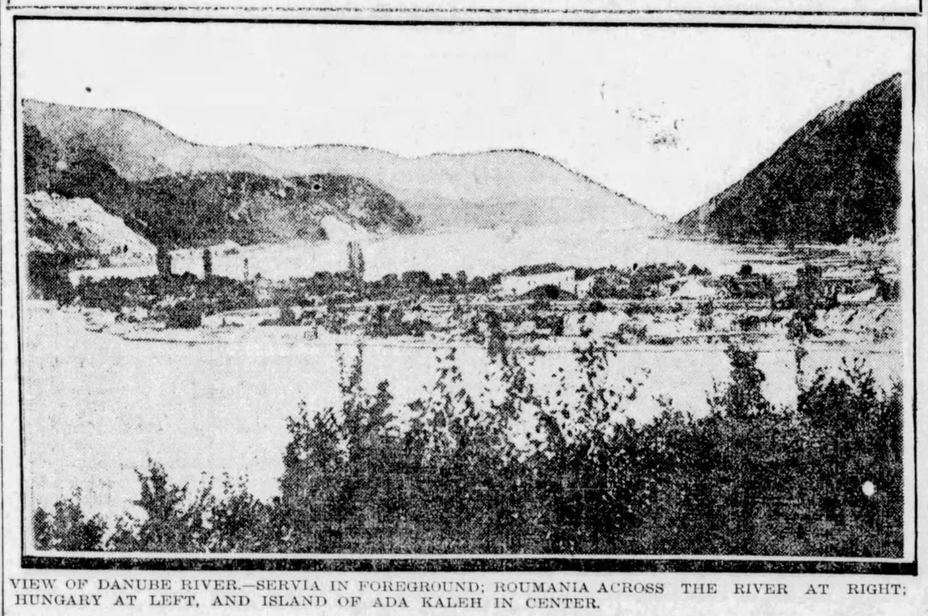
And so each year for 18 years, with inexplicable regularity, on the first of August, his state of enforced coma and fasting has begun, all the scars of the preceding year have revived, accompanied unfailingly by a new sore, and with equally strange regularity the sores have never failed to be entirely healed by the 4th of September. He now has 18 scars upon his leg. That first sore upon his instep, like a periodic volcano, has revived 18 times, the second 17 times, and thus it becomes a simple problem in progression to find that Luther King, bitten once by a live rattlesnake, has been rebitten 171 times by an invisible and ghostly snake that all through each August lies coiled there, a dread and unjust Nemesis, upon his leg. But still the affliction is as strange in its inconsistencies as in its consistencies. No unusual effect, as has been noted, was left for 20 years after the bite took place, and the scar of the bite did not break out anew till three years ago, 35 years after he had been bitten.

It seems, indeed, as he believes and asserts, that a preternatural correspondence is being worked out between his life and the life of the snake that bit him.

"I'm just like a snake in August," he says. "I shed then. The skin comes right off my leg; I can just strip it right off. I don't eat nothin' and I sleep all the time. And I'm pizen like a rattlesnake then. If I'd bite you in August, I'd kill you."

He has always thought that when the sores reached the number of the snake's rattles they would stop increasing and stop reviving, and although he knows nothing of the size of the snake except that it was very large, he has been waiting hopefully each year, thinking the "rattles had at last been counted."

# ISLAND IN DANUBE A PARADISE OF ROSES



VIEW OF DANUBE RIVER.—SERVIA IN FOREGROUND; ROUMANIA ACROSS THE RIVER AT RIGHT; HUNGARY AT LEFT, AND ISLAND OF ADA KALEH IN CENTER.

Orsova, Hungary, June 13.—Austria-Hungary has gathered in Ada Kaleh, a tiny bit of Turkish territory that lies in the Danube just above the Iron Gates and near the point where the three countries—Servia, Hungary and Rumania—meet.

The explanation of the annexation is somewhat simple. The island, from its position, is of considerable strategic value and its possession by Servia would, in case of war between the two counties, be embarrassing to Austria. The Turco-Balkan treaty provides that land north of the Enos Midia line shall go to the allies. Austria, however, since 1878, has held a sort of military occupation of the island, although the judicial status of the land has never been regulated. Now by annexing it she has defined its ownership and settled an historically interesting question.

**Omitted in Berlin Treaty.**

Ada Kaleh is "the island that was forgotten." Overlooked by the makers of the Berlin treaty it became an often cited instance of the little anomalies and mistakes that creep into great treaties. The breadth of Bulgaria and of Servia separates the island from Turkey and for 30 years it has been the last Danubian outpost of the Ottoman empire, a point where the tourist, without going south of the Danube, could "put foot on Turkish soil" and a convenient place for poaching and smuggling Turkish tobacco, sweets and silks.

Orsova boatmen, in their little red sail crafts or in long skiffs with batlike oars, take the visitor to the island in about 30 minutes. Kiamil, who proudly claimed the ownership of the boat he "operated," put his hand into the depths of his baggy trousers and showed two big bunches of cigarets. As he watched the fragrant smoke roll from the ones that his passengers had lighted he said, "Ada Kaleh, plenty," and held up his fingers to indicate a price less than one-third asked on Hungarian soil.

**A Picturesque Sight.**

The island increases in beauty as one approaches it. The fields seem to grow brilliant in the sunlight and the shadows deeper green in the cool shades, great clusters of flaming red roses dot the landscape, and the roofs of little Turkish houses with their latticed harem windows and the white slender minarets appear above clumps of plum trees. From almost the center of the island rise the walls of the ancient stronghold with its rows of slitlike windows, a most picturesque ruin.

Kiamil said that he would go back to the mainland in an hour. But why hurry away from such an Arcadia, where people pay neither taxes nor rent, where the sun seems to shine all the time, and there is nothing to do but sit under rose bowers and dream? Kiamil went to sleep by the landing. He was sleeping at sundown, five hours afterward, when his passengers came to go back to Orsova.

The entrance to the old fortress is through an ancient gateway. The walls are 16 feet thick with overhead apertures for pouring molten lead down on the heads of the attacking party. A tablet on the side, a fine example of Turkish carving, tells of the retaking of the fortress by Mahmond Khan in 1789.

**Played Big Part in History.**

This old citadel played an important part in the early history of Eastern Europe. It gave the island its name—the Island Fortress—and effectually prevented the passage of enemies by water. Leopold I. built it to help in the struggle against the Turks; but after the fall of Belgrade in 1789, it came into their possesion and in spite of the many efforts to wrest it from them it remained one of their northern strongholds.

The mosque is built on the ruins of the old rampart. It boasts of a fine carpet that was the gift of a Sultan. The mosque has besides great strings of wooden balls hanging on the walls. "They are used when a good Mohammedan dies," said the aged sexton. "for it is necessary on such occasions to say "Allah be merciful to him 70,000 times. There are 1,000 balls and we collect 70 persons in a ring, kneeling they all say the words as the balls pass and in that way the 70,000 prayers are soon said."

Through another gateway the bazaar quarter is reached. Here all the business of the island is done and in a little open air cafe the Turk smokes his narghiles, drinks delicious black coffee or sips rose pefal jelly with water.

Roses grow luxuriant in every corner and every person that passes carries them; men wear them in their fezzes and sashes, Austrian customs officers have them stuck in their blouses, little girls with their hair and eyebrows dyed with henna have them in garlands around their necks, even the sombre robed women, with their faces covered with black masks carry bunches of them as they clickclack their heels along the pavements.

Of the 500 people on the island almost all are Mohammedans. Each has his own little bit of ground which he holds by suffrance from the Sultan, who, as head of the army, is owner of all the soil. The governor or Mufti comes from Constantinople. Neither he nor the four gendarmes that came with him ever have much to do. Not even the oldest inhabitant, and some of them are more than 100, ever remember of a crime being committed on the island gave the rigth to sell their wares twice a week in Orsova without paying duty to import everything that they want from Turkey duty free.

**Millions of Cigarettes Made.**

The industry of the island is cigarette making and millions are rolled and sold annually. But the shops seemed always closed and the proprietor always coming "back soon." He was found by one of the boys of the bazaar quarter, but could not return merely to sell cigarettes. He was lying in the sunlight on the grass watching with some dozen other men the few cows of the island grazing. On the opposite side of the pasture were about the same number of women in their heavy cloaks engaged in the same occupation. That perhaps is the most exciting dissipation that the island supplies. The sound of the railway, the hoot of the motor horn, even the rumble of wheels and much less the news of the world never reach this Arcadia.

The ideal life of the islanders is to hoe the ground, sit under one's own rosebush and dream away life. They were content to forget the world, if the world would only forget them.

On the way back to the mainland Kiamil pulled from his cavernous trousers more bunches of cigarettes and from his blouse rolls of silk. They were all for sale at half the price they could be bought at Orsova.

"Was there much smuggling?" he was asked. He put his finger on his lips and looked wise. A boat with two men rowing at their best was making for the Hungarian shore and in hot pursuit another with men in uniform. The first boat passed into the twilight shadows of the bank and was lost to sight. "They got away with the tobacco and silk," said Kiamil, "but they lost their boat to the gendarmes—perhaps, though, it was only borrowed."

With the annexation the island comes under Hungarian rule and smuggling and poaching will to a great extent cease. The island is likely to lose its Arcadian simplicity and to be restored to its place in the world. Many of the easygoing inhabitants who have spent so many years of peace there will do as Moslem people have done elsewhere in such circumstances, glide back southward to the protection of the star and crescent.

# QUAKER GIRL TALKED WITH GRAND SULTAN

IN 1657, when Sultan Mahomet IV. had removed his court to Adrianople, a Quaker servant girl appeared one day before the royal encampment demanding speech with the Grand Turk about the things of her religion.

The account of her journey reads like a page from the "Arabian Nights," and is worthy of a place in history beside that of the young Saracen who found her way to her beloved across the breadth of Europe with the two words "Gilbert" and "London" for her passport.

But it is doubtful whether this seventeenth century pilgrim possessed so much as two words of any foreign tongue. The mysticism which was so pronounced an element in her religion made nought of material obstacles. Again, however dreadful was the report of Turkish cruelty which was current in England, it was not likely to exceed the hands of her own countrymen.

Although not yet 35 years of age she had had long and varied acquaintance with the insides of English prisons. While still a young girl in service at Selby her determined interruptions of the service in the "Steeplehouse" had earned her three periods of imprisonment in York Castle, and she was the first of the Friends to endure the punishment of public flogging, the result of the denunciation of the Cambridge scholars.

In 1655 she had attempted to carry the gospel into New England, but was not even allowed the privilege of landing in Boston. By order of the deputy governor she and her companion were stripped and searched for signs of witchcraft, and after lying in prison for five weeks, half starved and unable to communicate with their friends, they were shipped back whence they came. Mary may well have preferred the tender mercies of the Turk to those of her own kindred.

Meanwhile Mary Fisher had learned, on arriving in Smyrna, that the sultan was to be found at Adrianople, and thither she resolved to pursue her journey. The English consul, having tried in vain to dissuade her from an enterprise which seemed to him both mad and dangerous, put her on board a ship bound for Venice. When she learned the destination to which she was being carried Mary persuaded the shipmaster to set her down upon the nearest coast.

From this point there is no further word of any companion, and it seems certain that it was alone and on foot that she performed the land journey of 500 or 600 miles along the sea coast of the Morea, Greece and Macedonia, and so across the mountains of Thrace to the broad plain where Adrianople lies, watered by the river Maritza.

Here the sultan was encamped with his army and the whole of his vast retinue of courtiers and attendants. It was only after many attempts that Mary found a friend bold enough to speak for her to the grand vizier and tell him that "a woman was come who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan." Achmet Bassa belonged to an Albanian family who for two generations supplied a grand vizier to Turkey and by their magnificent gift of organization and their genius for government might even now give the lie to the popular estimate of Albanian capacity.

He procured Mary Fisher an audience with his master and the following morning she was ushered into his presence, where three dragomans stood ready to act as interpreters between them. The Sultan Mahomet IV., at this time a young man of 17, received her with all the honors accorded to an ambassador. As she stood "weightily pondering" how to deliver her message he spoke to her with encouraging words, bidding her not fear, for all present had good hearts and could hear it.

They listened gravely while she was speaking, and then the sultan, acknowledging that what she had spoken was the truth, desired her to stay in his country, as they could but respect one who had traveled from so distant a land to bring them a message from the Lord God. When she insisted on returning to her friends he urged her at least to accept an escort, as he "would not for anything that she should come to the least hurt in his dominions." But it was Mary's wish to go to Constantinople, as she had come, without a guard, "whither," says the old history, "she came without the least hurt or scoff."

## Turkish Soldiers

Chicago News.

Bernard Grant, who has been with the Turkish army in the present war, has many a good word to say for the Mohammedan soldier. Concerning the Turk at prayer he writes this: "As the sun sank and twilight came, with its deepening shadows, many of the soldiers who had descended from the train took off their boots and prayed. A hush fell upon the scene, and I was deeply impressed with the sight of those men proclaiming their faith under the open sky and praying to the god of battle—to Allah—whose name was upon their lips. They raised their hands to their ears with that strange Oriental gesture which signifies that the man is listening for the whisper of the great voice of the Almighty One, and prostrated themselves so that foreheads touched the earth, and sat down cross-legged, swaying backward and forward until once again their heads were bowed to the dust. But always they kept their faces turned toward the setting sun. These men were praying that the Mohammedan spirit might vanquish all its enemies as in the days of the prophet, and that the crescent might rise supreme over those who challenged its might.

"Moreover, the Turkish soldier was honest. Thousands of starving men were able to look untempted upon the stores of a newspaper correspondent whom they could have robbed and murdered unchallenged and unreproved. Other soldiers cast covetous eyes upon our stores. They were famished, and yet hunger had not made them fierce, but tamed them, so that fortunately for us they had not the spirit of the looter, nor pluck enough to show fight. That seemed to me remarkable. Here were we, two men of a foreign race, in the midst of a starving army, while we had stores, yet there was no serious attack upon us, and our property remained as safely in our hands as if we had placed our cart in the middle of Hyde Park under police protection.

"The Terrible Turk, as he has so often been called, and as I had often imagined him, turned out to be a man of law, a respecter of property and an honest fellow, even when he was gnawed by hunger and supported by enormous numbers of hungry comrades, who in one moment or two could have killed us and taken possession of all we had."

# THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

**Tuesday, June 10.**

SENATE—The lobby investigating committee continued its hearings. Democrats of the finance committee considered the changes suggested by subcommittees in the tariff bill. Senator Lewis introduced a bill to give the interstate commerce commission control over all stock issues of railroads and other common carriers. Senator Newlands introduced a bill to amend the Erdman act in the manner suggested by railroads and labor organizations. Passed the Kenyon resolution directing the interstate commerce commission to investigate the affairs of the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad. President Wilson submitted many nominations for confirmation, including new members of the civil service commission. The Indian appropriation bill carrying $11,288,792 was reported. Considered nominations in executive session. Adjourned until Friday.

HOUSE—Representative Rothermel introduced a resolution calling for a special committee to investigate conditions on the coal islands of Alaska. Representative O'Shaughnessy introduced a resolution for an investigation of American beef packers' interests in the Argentine cattle industry. Representative Aswell introduced a bill for the separation of the white and negro races in the government service.

Representative Edmonds introduced a bill to appropriate $25,000,000 to build 20 steamships as emergency transports and for use in the Central and South American trade. The conference report on the sundry civil service bill was considered. The bill is still in conference with no sign of an agreement between house and senate on the proposal of the house to reduce the membership of the board of managers of soldiers' homes. Representative Murray, of Oklahoma, offered an amendment to the rules to restrict lobbying. Representative Mondell spoke on conservation policies. Adjourned until Friday.

**Friday, June 13.**

SENATE—More testimony taken before lobby investigating committee. Finance committee Democrats continued consideration of sub-committee recommendations on tariff bill schedules. Senator Ashurst submitted report of women's suffrage committee, recommending passage of Chamberlain resolution for constitutional amendment extending suffrage to women. Began consideration of the Indian appropriation bill. Received Dr. Muller, the Brazillian special ambassador. Receded from amendments to the sundry civil bill and concurred in its passage.

HOUSE—Met at noon and adjourned until Tuesday.

### Eggs Cure "Grouch."

New York Press.

Fish may make you brainy, but it's eggs that make you amiable, at least if we can believe the claims made for this particular article of food by a German scientist of note.

"Cranks, grouches, nervous wrecks of all kinds, should eat all the eggs they can possibly digest," says Prof. Stiegletz. "Eggs are the best thing in the world for those whose ill tempers make themselves and every one around them uncomfortable. They should be soft boiled preferably and eaten four times a day for four weeks on a stretch. Then the diet should be stopped and not commenced again for four or even six weeks."

And though no mention is made of whether Easter eggs in particular have any more healthful and cheerful effect than ordinary eggs taken at ordinary times, isn't it always true that "the better the day, the better the deed?"


CANCER FREE TREATISE. The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of a Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today mentioning this paper.

My Wife and I

Want to Tell You

How She Stopped Me From Drinking

For over twenty years I was a very hard drinker. I loved liquor. I cared for nothing else. Every cent I could get hold of I spent for beer and whiskey. My work was neglected. Our home was in sore straights. My case was about as hopeless as a man's could be. My wife was constantly begging and pleading with me, but I loved liquor too well. I couldn't stop.

Many women would have despaired and given up all hope, but my wife didn't. She kept trying. Finally, about ten years ago, she gave me a simple remedy, hoping against hope that it would have some effect upon my drinking. Much to her surprise, *it stopped my drinking entirely*. It took away every desire I ever had for alcoholic liquor. I have not touched a drop since.

Can you imagine her delight—her great happiness? Really, it seemed to make a new woman of her. And what a change it made in me! Our friends and neighbors hardly knew me as the same man. To most of them it seemed a miracle. But it wasn't. It was simply the little home remedy that my wife gave me. We know it was for she late gave it to her brother and several of our neighbors who were heavy drinkers and it stopped every one of them from drinking. This proved that it was not mere luck in my case.

And now, we want others to try it. We want every man and woman who suffers because of a dear one's intemperance to know what this remedy is that my wife gave me. We want you to know our story for we believe you will be helped by it. And we will be more than glad to tell it if you will send us your name and address.

Wife is the letter writer of our family and she will gladly answer every letter that is written to her. She will tell in her own way, much better than I can, what she used, how she happened to try it and how it worked. She will give this information with a glad heart so do not hesitate to write. She wants you to feel that she is your friend and that it is a pleasure to do this service.

In the ten years that have elapsed since I was cured many folks have written and asked her how it was done and she gladly answered all letters. And to show that her service has been appreciated we would like to have you read extracts from a few of the letters which she afterward received from some of these people.

Dear Madam: I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely. *Mrs. P. W. Cowell, Athens, Penn.* Dear Friend: I was benefited by your letter for my husband was a hard drinker and now he does not drink. *Mrs. W. D. Blue, Perry, Fla.* My Dear Friend: It saved me of drunkenness. He is in better health than ever before and a different man altogether. It has saved us many dollars and we now live in peace and happiness. *Mrs. Ann Mitchell, Valliant, Okla.* Dear Madam: Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time. *Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.*

Such letters as these certainly do make my wife happy for she feels that her efforts have not been in vain and she says that she wants you to address your letter to her personally so that she can answer it herself. She also wants me to say that the remedy can be given secretly if desired and that it is very easy to use.

My wife's answer will come in a sealed envelope so there will be no publicity in your affairs. There is one other thing. We have nothing to sell, so please do not send money. Simply write with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 138 Park Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., taking care to write your name and full address plainly. We would suggest that you tell others who need this information, about my wife's offer, for we often wish that the whole world knew it.

# SAYS LIBERTIES ARE ENDANGERED

## Barthold Scores the Puritans Who Seek to Rule the Land.

Johnstown, Pa., June 14.—Members of congress were sharply arraigned here today by Representative Barthholdt, of Missouri, in a speech at the German day celebration, for their alleged yielding attitude toward prohibition and other sumptuary legislation. He took for his text "Personal Liberty," and called on all "liberal" citizens to join in a fight to offset the "puritan cause."

"Are you aware that the last congress, composed of a Democratic house and a Republican senate," he demanded, "passed a prohibition measure by more than a two-thirds majority? And that the lawyers who constitute 85 per cent of the membership knew that it was unconstitutional and voted for it anyhow? It is a fact.

**Liberties in Danger.**

"President Taft, true to his oath to defend the constitution, had the courage to veto the bill, but the same two-thirds majority, although they had taken exactly the same oath as the president, passed it over his veto. When things have come to such a pass that responsible lawmakers will overthrow the constitution for a popular fad do you not agree with me that our liberties, for which the constitution is our only guarantee, are in the greatest possible danger?"

The Missourian declared the stuggle of the age in the United States was between the Puritan and his blue laws on the one hand and the pleasure-loving and liberal Germanic people on the other. He denounced the collection of funds in churches and by religious organizations which, he charged, were used to intimidate lawmakers in both the national and the state legislatures.

**Blames the Church.**

"The struggle between these two wholly different theories of life is on, my friends," he said, "and it is becoming fiercer every day.

"The attempt to further and further restrict our liberties in a "Puritan sense," is carried on in the garb of religious movement, and the ministers of all churches and the members of all congregations are constantly called upon for support and for money to maintain lobbies in both the national as well as all state capitals, and these lobbyists are cracking the whip over our lawmakers and urging them on to pass more and more restrictive laws—laws which in their mistaken zeal, they believe will make people good.

"I do not exaggerate, my friends, when I say that if this movement is not stopped and stopped soon, the American people will find themselves wrapped up in a network of 'don'ts' which will completely hamper their freedom of action. And, instead of being freemen in all matters of personal conduct, they will be slaves fettered by the chains of un-American laws."

The law referred to by Congressman Barthholdt is the Kenyon act, prohibiting the shipment of liquor from wet to dry states.

# KING DISLIKES GLOVES

## Alfonso of Spain Refuses to Wear Them.

Paris, June 13.—Alfonso of Spain has a peculiar aversion to gloves, and he refuses to wear them, even on great state occasions. In the beginning the strict etiquette of the Court of Spain was shocked, but now the young king's independence is taken as a matter of course.

**Tells Story on Mayor.**

Alfonso has also a keen and quick eye, and he relates this story of an incident in the Pyrenees. Passing through a little village the royal automobile misbehaved, and the royal traveler alighted to direct the royal chauffeurs in making repairs. The mayor of the village struggled into a white collar and his best clothes and came forward to offer assistance. The king asked him to show him around the village, and the two men left the car in the road and walked through the town.

**Father's Picture Utilized.**

In the ofifce of the mayor was a picture of Alfonso, but wearing white gloves. This caused the king to approach and examine the print closely. "Never have I worn white gloves," muttered Alfonso. Then the mayor came forward, covered with confusion, and explained. The picture was originally of Alfonso XII., the king's father. When son followed father to the throne the thrifty mayor decapitated Alfonso XII. and had the head of Alfonso XIII. painted on the original canvas. He had not, however, known about the gloves.


**BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE**

**BOYS!** Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. **Will Not Cost One Cent.** Send your name and we will send you 8 set of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the $2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. **WRITE TODAY** for pictures. No harm done. Take back what you can't sell.

M. O. Seitz, M52 Chicago


# COSTS $20,000 A YEAR

## Vice President of American Beet Sugar Co. Testifies.

Washington, June 14.—Henry T. Oxnard, the millionaire vice president of the American Beet Sugar Co., testified today before the senate lobby committee that he estimated he had spent on an average of $20,000 a year in Washington for the last 23 years in behalf of the beet sugar industry. He declared not a cent had been spent illegally. Each year, when he was at his home in Washington, he declared, he came to the capitol to watch legislation and se his friends among the senators.

Senator Reed demanded that the witness give the name of senators who were his friends.

"Most all the senators," replied Mr. Oxnard.

"You need not include me in that list," declared Senator Reed.

"Well, I call Senator Overman one of my friends, and Senator Cummins there and—I do not know so much about Senator Nelson," said the witness.

Senator Overman promptly asked Mr. Oxnard if he had ever called upon him at his office or house or if he had ever attended any of Mr. Oxnard's entertainments. Mr. Oxnard replied in the negative.

The committee adjourned until Monday without finishing the examination.

Washington, June 11.—R. D. Meade told the lobby investigating committee of the senate today that the domestic sugar producers had retained E. W. Mayo at a salary of $22,000 a week to help in the sugar publicity. The total amount spent by the Hawaiian Planters' Association for all purposes was about $400,000 a year, he said, raised by assessment, the total being something less than $1 a ton on the total production. Most of the money had been used, he said, for a sugar experiment station in Hawaii and for securing Philippine laborers.

**Hear Former Hawaiian Governor.**

Former Governor Carter, of Hawaii, who is here to try and secure the retention of the sugar duties, was heard yesterday by the Senate lobby probing committee. Carter stated that R. D. Meade, described as a statistician, had about $800,000 to spend in the interests of the Hawaiian industry. He believed about $100,000 of this had been spent.

"This is a small amount," said Carter, "in comparison to the $82,000,000 invested in the sugar industry in Hawaii.

The one-time governor of Hawaii told the committee that he was engaged in "philanthropic work." He claimed that he received no remuneration and had been sent here by the Hawaiian Board of Trade and various business interests of the islands.

There were fifty-four corporations representing 9,000 individuals in the sugar business in the islands, and their capital was $82,000,000, he said.

Of these, he explained, the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, in which Claus Spreckles formerly had an interest, is the biggest concern.

**All Working Together**

Carter declared that he had refused to present his case before the subcommittee of the Senate finance committee handling the sugar schedule because he thought that committee adverse to his interests.

"The sugar men here," said Carter "embrace the interests of Hawaii Lousiana and the beet sugar industry in the United States. We all are vitally interested in dutiable sugar and we are all trying to work harmoniously."

## WOMAN CONFESSES KILLING 2

### Says She Bathed Daughter's Wounds After Murdering Her.

Harrisonville, Mo., June 13.—Mrs. Arthur Kellar yesterday confessed that it was she who killed her husband, a railroad laborer, and their daughter Margaret, seven years old, last Tuesday. Kellar and the girl were slain with an ax as they lay in their beds. Mrs. Kellar was ordered held by the coroner's jury. She declared she frequently had been irresponsible for her acts since she received a blow on the head two years ago. Only after the deed was done did she realize what she was doing, she declares. Then, she says, she set fire to some paper on a chair near Kellar's bed that she might see better. Later she went to the kitchen, lighted the lantern and returned with water with which she bathed Margaret's wounds. Then she chopped a piece off her own bed to make it appear that she also had been attacked.

## NEW BLOOD SAVES LIFE

### Transfusion Succeeds After Patient's Respiration Had Ceased.

New York, June 12.—Prof. A. L. Soresi, of Fordham University and Flower Hospital, today told of saving the life of a patient stricken with pneumonia by transfusion of blood to the left side of the heart, after respiration had entirely ceased in the patient and the body was apparently moribund.

"An experiment with a pneumonia patient was perhaps not as spectacular but much more gratifying in result," Prof. Soresi said. "This patient was entirely without respiration from all known tests applied and therefore actually moribund to all human knowledge, when I made a transfusion of blood from a normal man through the jugular vein of the patient. The return to life was prompt and recovery followed.

"If such transfusions could be made promptly the loss of life would be materially lowered."

## YES, WILSON GIRLS SEW

### They Can Make Alterations Themselves, They Say.

Washington, June 16.—Employes of one of the leading department stores of the national capital are telling a story that illustrates the simplicity of the family of President Wilson.

According to the story the Wilson girls appeared suddenly and unexpectedly in the store. Among other things they looked at several gowns. They were politely informed that a charge of $2 was made for alteration.

"Oh, we can make any necessary alterations at home; we know how to sew," remarked one of the President's daughters.

## PRESIDENT TO SEE THE CANAL

### But He Won't Go Until Congress Has Adjourned.

Washington, June 12.—Col. George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama canal, conferred with President Wilson today about his prospective visit to the canal zone. The President told the colonel he would visit the isthmus as soon as congress adjourned but did not hazard any guess as to when that might be.

Col. Goethals said he expected to let the water in about the first of October. "I can hold, the water out for two weeks longer, however, said Goethals; if the president should be delayed in getting down, as we want him to see the canal before the water is put in."

## To Wed Son of Secretary of Treasury

Baltimore, June 12.—Miss Ethel McCormick, the young and beautiful daughter of Mrs. Isaac E. Emerson, will wed Francis H. McAdoo, son of the secretary of the treasury, at her mother's home, Brooklandwood, near here. Miss McCormick is a striking brunette and is as talented as she is charming. Many guests from New York and Washington are invited for the wedding on June 21.

# WIVES ARE SOLD FOR TOBACCO

## Australia Bushmen Are a Queer Lot at Best, Says Traveler.

London, June 13.—After forty years spent in and out of the bush country of north central Australia, J. Wallace, an English trapper, has returned to London with many tales to tell of hardship and adventure. He arrived in charge of the cargo of gorgeously plumed tropical birds, valued at £6.000, which he collected after 12 months of exhaustive labor. He is a sinewy, quiet man, with a face bronzed by sun and wind.

Amid the deafening screams of cockatoos and the twittering of finches he told his story to a Standard representative, describing himself as miner, telegraph contractor, repairer, fencer, frontier builder, bullock driver, cowboy, well sinker and bird trapper. The bushmen, he said, he had known for very many years. "They are a queer lot," he observed. "They are a black skinned, thin limbed, hairy, heavy jawed, dirty people. They are nomadic, never build homes, crawling under a bit of bark from the paper bark tree when it rains.

**Wear No Clothes.**

"They wear no clothes of any kind, their ornaments consisting of tattoo marks, the scars of great gashes made on their breasts when they become of age and feathers stuck in their hair. They eat anything, rats, ants, snakes, roots, yams. It is a common sight to come upon a tribe lying about its fires at night with here and there snakes 13 to 14 feet broiling on the coals. Two animals only they don't eat, dogs and human beings. Cannibalism has been suppressed in Australia. The bushman loves his dogs more than his women and cares for them with touching affection.

"I have actually seen a young mother lavishing her attention upon the whelps of a tame dingo, while her child was neglected. Their only commendable social custom is the one with regard to intermarriage within a tribe, this offense being promptly punished by death. The members of one tribe call each other brother and sister. They have no marriage ceremony, and one man can have as many wives as he cares to ask for.

**Women Are Beaten.**

"The women do all the hard work, are beaten unmercifully for unfaithfulness and are subjected at the whim of their lords to inconceivable brutalities and wrongs. They have no morality except that which arises out of the rights and wrongs with regard to property and any bushman of the interior will sell his spouse for a pound of tobacco. The women settle their quarrels among themselves by hand to hand duels with stout clubs with knobs on the end. I have often seen an altercation end in a rush for these clubs, a desperate fight immediately following and ending only when one of them was stretched out on the ground.

"The men, although they do not possess great physical courage, have developed marvelous skill in making and throwing spears; these they throw with deadly effect as far as eighty yards, the better trained warriors being able also to pierce an object as large as a hand at a distance of sixty yards.

"Twice, while trapping far in the interior, I barely escaped death by these terrible weapons."

**Life of Trapper.**

Speaking of his life as an Australian bird trapper, he said: "I start from Fremantle, sail 2,000 miles north along the coast to Wyndham, get a couple of natives and some horses and a wagon and set out south to the cattle country for six weeks journey beyond Kimberley into that region marked on the maps as "unexplored," where white men are never seen. I remain there during the dry season of September and October, when the birds gather by the thousand about the water holes.

"The country stretches for hundreds of miles with not a dwelling or anything to be seen but an occasional band of black men or a drove of kangaroo. The heat is terrible, reaching as high as 119 degrees. I sleep on the bare ground at night, bake my own bread in the coals of my camp fire, and sometimes kill a stray steer for a few steaks, or make soup from kangaroo tails. It practically never rains during this season and life becomes monotonously, sometimes tragically simple.

**Like Prison to London.**

"In catching birds I find a water hole, cover it with branches, and then spread my nets on the ground with some water in a canvas trough between them. The birds drink once a day between sunrise and 9 o'clock. They see the water, fly down in clouds of flaming colors, and by pulling a string when they are all drinking I make the nets close like a book and holds the birds against the ground until I can cage them.

"After I have thus caught a few hundred I leave them in charge of a native boy and seek other water holes. The most plentiful of highly colored birds (northern Australia has no good singing birds) are the Gouldian finches and pink feathered cockatoos, though sometimes I am fortunate enough to catch a painted or star finch, which brings very fancy prices. I feel as if I am in prison here, and I am going back to Australia in another week or so. There one can have a million acre prairie for a backyard, and can find the natural life that means freedom."

## TENTH VICTIM OF CAVEIN

### Bodies of New York Subway Victims Are Recovered.

New York, June 16.—The body of John Green, a driller, was recovered early today from the pile of broken rock under which he and nine other fellow-workers were buried in a cave-in of the Lexington subway, now under construction, Saturday night. All 10 bodies have now been recovered.

There is a conflict of opinion as to whether the cave-in was due to a blast or the collapse of timbering. There are two levels to the subway construction at this point, the upper one for local trains and the lower for expresses. It was the ceiling of the latter tunnel which collapsed.

## GIVES SPAIN A NEW CABINET

### Count Romanones Is Premier and Duke of Alba a Minister.

Madrid, June 16.—Count Romanones has formed a new Spanish cabinet. The portfolios were distrbuted as follows:

Premier—Count Alvaro de Ramanones.

Minister of Foreign Affairs—Lopez Munez.

Minister of the Interior—Duke of Alba.

Minister of Fiance—Suarez Inclan.

Minister of War—Gen. de Luque.

Minister of Marine—Amalie Jimeno.

Minister of Public Works—Rafael Gasset.

Minister of Justice—Ruiz Jiminez.

Minister of Public Instruction—Pedro Rodriguez.

## USES BIBLE TO GET JOB

### Aspirant to Federal Place Quotes Scripture to Postmaster General.

Washington, June 16.—A scripture quoting telegram received today by Postmaster General Burleson will not help Samuel B. Payne, the author, to get the St. Louis postmastership. In fact, quite the reverse.

Mr. Payne, thinking his chances would be enhanced if he came to Washington and had a personal "face to face" interview with Mr. Burleson, quoted the twelfth verse of the second epistle of St. John, which reads:

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, that bur joy may be full."

## Richest Couple Are Suicides

Zurich, Switzerland, June 12.—Eugene Maggi and his wife, believed to be the wealthiest persons in Switzerland, committed suicide today, their desperate act being actuated by sheer lack of interest in life.

Eugene Maggi was only 41 years old and his wife 35. The joint estates of the man and wife were estimated some time ago at $10,000,000, while quite recently Maggi inherited the income from a number of extensive factories. The couple had been married for a number of years, but were greatly disappointed because their union had remained childless. Last night in a fit of despondency they decided to end their lives. They retired to their bed room in their villa here, turned on the gas and were found dead in the morning.

# GUARDS FORCED GIRL INTO WATER

## Striking Testimony Given in Senate's West Virginia Investigation.

Charleston, W. Va., June 16.—In testimony before the United States senate investigating committee today, relative to the treatment accorded strikers and their families by mine guards, Elizabeth Fish, a pretty, olive skinned mountain girl, said she and May Claypool, in company with another girl, were met by nine mine guards, who ordered them to wade the creek, enforcing the order by their guns. One of the girls tried to remove her shoes and stocking before entering the water, which at that point was waist deep.

"She got one shoe off," said the girl, "when the guards told her she was 'too darn slow,' and drove her into the water."

Much cumulative testimony as to conditions in the field before and during the strike was presented by several miners. C. L. Workman, a stable boss, said that the guard system was mainly responsible for the trouble.

"If you'll take the guards out of there," he said, "the men and the operators will be able to get together."

Mr. Workman said the guards were still at work on Cabin Creek. C. R. Shaw of Parkersburg said he was taken nto the coal fields during the strike, with his wife and children. He said he worked at Mucklow for four weeks, and that he received no pay. "It was all used up in the company store," he said, "and the store said I owed the company money."

The miners meeting at Eskdale and Kayford yesterday, according to reports reaching Charleston, voted to renew the strike on the ground that the operators had not lived up to their agreement to take the strikers back to work without discriminating. This claim and the story that mine guards had "beaten up" four men on Cabin Creek on Saturday, caused the decision.

# WOMEN ARE FOR MORAL EQUALITY

## Mrs. Sewall Thinks This Resolution Main Feature of Paris Convention.

Paris, June 13.—Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis has been one of the chief figures at the Woman's International Congress, whose sessions in Paris ended today. She has expressed herself to The New York Times correspondent as being generally pleased with the work, and that it marked an important step in the woman's movement.

"I think the most significant feature of the Congress," she said, "was the resolution adopted demanding the same moral standard for both sexes with the concomitant action pointing out the necessity of educating both girls and boys in the physiology of sex and the laws of hygiene, which if followed would lead to the best results in safeguarding the future of the human race. There is a general awakening of the entire world on the subject."

Mrs. Sewall said that the Congress avoided purposely reference to the methods and propaganda employed by the woman suffrage extremists in England, because it was its set policy not to criticise the course of any other organization having the same ends in view as itself.

"It would not become me," Mrs. Sewall added, "as Chairman of the Peace and Arbitration Commission of the International Council of Women to express tolerance for anything savoring of violence nor yet, on the other hand, to promote a controversy among the different branches f the great army of women, all sincerely devoted to one cause."

Mrs. Sewall said that the meeting of her commission recently held at The Hague, was remarkably successful. She has the highest hopes of the coming congresses at Vienna and Budapest, which she will attend.

Other distinguished American suffragists whom she expects to be at both capitals are Mrs. Maller Barret of Washington, Miss Watson and Mrs. Dexter of Buffalo, the Rev. Anna Shaw, and Miss Lucy Anthony, niece of the great protagonist of woman's rights, Susan B. Anthony.

Regarding social attentions Mrs. Sewall said:

"We have been almost overwhelmed. There has not been a day when I have not been invited both to luncheon and dinner."

Miss Jane Addams and Miss Lonsburg of Chicago, Mrs. Jones of New York, and Mrs. Huff of Detroit had virtually the same experience. A banquet marked the adjournment of the Women's Congress tonight.

## MISSING WOMAN RETURNS

### "Just Tired of Life, So I Got Job in a Millinery Store," She Says.

New York, June 13.—Mrs. Olga M. Houseman walked into her mother's home in Brooklyn yesterday, contented and smiling, to explain how and why she left home two weeks ago.

For more than 10 days a search had been made for her on the theory that se had been slain or was held a prisoner in the marshes surrounding Sheepshead bay.

"I was just tired of living the way I had been," she explained. "So I rowed over to Far Rockaway, caught a train for New York and got a job in a millinery store."

## INDIAN WOMAN SUFFRAGETTE

### Declares Women of Her Race Always Participated in Tribal Affairs.

Washington, June 12.—Indian women have developed strong characters as the result of their equal participation with men in tribal affairs, according to Mrs. Laura C. Kellogg, an Onelda Indian woman, who will address a suffrage meeting tonight on "The Position of the Indian Woman."

Mrs. Kellogg is an ardent suffragist.

There was jubilation today at the headquarters of the National Woman Suffrage association over the suffrage victory in Illinois. Leaders decuared it was the most significant and important victory for the "cause" yet won east of the Mississippi river.

# SIX KILLED IN WRECK

## Pullman Passengers Slain on Eastern Express Train.

Stamford, Conn., June 13.—One additional death was added to the list of those who were victims in the collision of the first and second section of the Springfield express here late yesterday, making the total six. Gregory Hume, a newspaper man employed by the New York Wold, died this morning.

The woman's body, which was not identified last night, is that of Mrs. W. H. Seeley, wife of the manager of the Industrial Bureau of the New Haven Railroad. The condition of seven passengers who are at the Stamford Hospital was good this morning. All of them will recover.

The corrected death list from the wreck follows:

Mrs. Edward J. Kelly, Winthrop, Mass.

Everett H. Woodruff, Flushing, L. I.

Dr. Harmon G. Howe, Hartford.

Frank K. Crawford, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. H. W. Seeley, Boston.

Gregory Hume, New York City.

All the wreckage was removed during the night and the scene showed few traces of the disaster this morning. The inquiry into the collision was begun before daybreak. Coroner Phelan, of Bridgeport, formally opening an inquest at the town hall, while independent inquiries by the railroad company and the public utilities, commission were also launched.

Engineer Charles Doherty, of the colliding train, who could not be found last night, was at his home in New Haven this morning and sent word that he would be there during the day for the inquest.

The first section of the Boston express, which left Boston for New York at noon, was standing in the Stamford station and was just about to resume its trip to New York when the second section of the train came rushing into the depot at almost full speed.

The rear Pullman car of the first train was telescoped by the engine of the second train and all the 31 passengers in the car were injured, four being killed outright, one dying later.

**Autos in Service.**

Every doctor in Stamford was summoned by telephone and rendered quick aid to the injured. Automobiles were pressed into service from every available source and the injured rushed to the hospitals after they had been removed from the wreckage by the fire department, which was called when the debris caught fire. The fire soon was extinguished and the work of rescue begun.

Early arrivals on the scene found Rev. Anthony Berhler, a Catholic priest of New York, coolly directing the work of rescue. Although injured himself he refused to go to a hospital until others, more seriously hurt, had been taken care of. He is at the Stamford hospital with slight injuries. Telling of his experiences, he said:

**Screams of Women.**

"I was seated about midway in the Pullman. There was no warning, just a smash and the next instant the whole car was topsy-turvy. Men and women seemed to be almost suspended in the air, and there was a mass of everything conceivable flying about at random. Then all seemed to settle except the escaping steam and the hot coals from the firebox that soon burst into flames. Women's screams of helplessness and terror, and the deeper cries of men, some in mortal agony, filled the air. The women were brave as they were lifted out of the windows with bloody faces and torn and cut bodies.

"The aid of passengers from the other cars made the work of rescue quicker. We, who were in the Pullman, cannot be too thankful that the horror of fire was not added to the awful scene. Had this car caught fire from within a few minutes after the crash it is certain that the loss of life would have been appalling, for many of the men and women were so penned in by the broken chairs that they could not have escaped without assistance."

Nova Scotia and Cape Bretan collieries are this year quoting for short tons of coal the same prices which last year applied to long tons. This is equivalent to raising prices by precisely 12 per cent.

# WASTE BLAMED FOR HIGH COST

## Conservationists Point Out Big Losses in Country's Natural Resources.

Washington, June 13.—Concrete antagonism to the high cost of living was voiced by speakers of national prominence at a meeting of the advisory board of the national conservation congress here today. The attacks covered various subjects, from manufactured articles to poultry products, and from fire waste to the tremendous loss of natural gas.

W. E. Mallalieu, general manager of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, spoke concerning the tremendous loss in natural resources resulting from preventable fires. He pointed out that reduction in fire waste in the cities of America is closely allied to the general question of conservation.

**Losses By Fire**

"Reduce the destruction of buildings" said Mr. Mallalieu, "and you conserve the natural resources of our forests. Every building destroyed involves a needless drain on the supply of the nation's timber. The fighting of needless fires involves unnecessary waste of water and this, too, involves the question of conservation."

Dr. F. W. Clarke of the American Chemical society said that manufacturers are constantly wasting material and that farmers indulge in extravagant waste of soil. Such waste has a direct bearing on the cost of living, said Dr. Clarke. He urged that attention to this subject be given at the annual session of the National Conservation congress to be held in this city Nov. 18, 19, and 20.

Albert M. Read, of the American Warehousemen's association, said that there is a loss of millions of dollars a year in the handling of farm and poultry products.

**Waste of Gas**

"If a coal pile was consumed at the rate of 10,000 tons a day it would immediately attract the attention of the world," said J. C. McDowell of Pittsburg, representing the Natural Gas Association of America. "The United States government would supply the services of the entire standing army, if necessary, to extinguish the flames. An equivalent loss in natural gas is taking place every day, and conservation is sorely needed in this direction."

The meeting here this fall will be the first at which conservationists have gathered in Washington since the conference of governors in the White House five years ago. In the meantime they have been meeting in the west. This year they propose to take up the fight for forestry and the regulation of water power grants. These two questions promise to loom in congress next fall, and the conservationists will try to make a demonstration just before congress meets by bringing together leaders from all parts of the country.

**The Advisory Board**

The meeting of the advisory board of the conservation congress was held to advance arrangements for the fall meeting. In addition to the speakers, those in attendance included E. L. Worsham of Atlanta, chairman of the advisory board and of the executive committee of the congress; Thomas R. Shipp of Indianapolis, executive secretary of the congress; Charles V. Wheeler of Pittsburg, of the Engineering Society of Western Pennsylvania; Richard B. Watrous, secretary of the American Civic association; James O' Connell, vice president of the American Federation of Labor; Mrs. Bell Merrill Draper, representing the Daughters of Founders and Patriots; E. A. Sterling of Philadelphia, secretary of the Forestry committee of the conservation congress, and Norman McLoud of Cleveland.

**Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.**

The California oil product in 1912 was 87,000,000 barrels, which was six million barrels more than the previous year.

## An Old Man on Long Hike

Edward Payson Weston, 74 years of age, and famous for his long walks—one of which took him across the continent—is now on another hike from New York to Minneapolis. The distance to be covered is 1,500 miles.

# THE MARKETS

Produce of all grades was a shade lower on the row Monday morning. The first consignment of home grown strawberries arrived and were a ready sale at slightly lower figures than prevailed at the close of last week. The quality of the berries was fair, dealers report.

TOLEDO.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | Close June 16. | Close June 14. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| Cash | 1.05 | .... | .... | 1.06 | 1.06 |
| July | 93½ | 94½ | 93½ | 94¼ | 93½ |
| Sept. | 93⅞ | 94⅝ | 93⅞ | 94⅝ | 93⅝ |
| Dec. | 96⅝ | 97⅜ | 96⅝ | 97⅜ | 96 |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 64½ | 63½ |
| July | 64⅝ | 65 | 63⅞ | 65 | 63½ |
| Sept. | 65⅞ | 65⅝ | 65 | 65⅝ | 64½ |
| Dec. | 62⅝ | .... | .... | 63¼ | 61⅝ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 44½ | 42½ |
| July | 43⅝ | 44⅝ | 43⅝ | 44⅝ | 42½ |
| Sept. | 44 | 44⅝ | 44 | 44⅝ | 42½ |
| Dec. | 44¼ | 45½ | 44¼ | 45½ | 42⅝ |
| Clover Seed— | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | .... | 12.50 |
| Oct. | 8.05 | 8.20 | 8.05 | 8.20 | 7.90 |
| Dec. | 8.00 | 8.15 | 8.00 | 8.15 | 7.85 |
| Rye— | | | | | |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 64 | 63 |
| Alsike— | | | | | |
| Oct. | .... | .... | .... | 9.35 | 9.27½ |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 9.30 | 9.25 |
| Timothy— | | | | | |
| Prime | 2.00 | .... | .... | 2.05 | 1.97½ |
| Aug. | 2.27½ | .... | .... | 2.27½ | 2.22½ |
| Sept. | 2.15 | .... | .... | 2.15 | 2.10 |
| Oct. | 2.12½ | .... | .... | 2.12½ | 2.10 |
| Dec. | .... | .... | .... | 2.15 | .... |

CHICAGO.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| July | 92⅛ | 93⅝ | 92 | 93⅝ | 92⅛ |
| Sept. | 92⅛ | 93⅝ | 91⅝ | 93⅝ | 92⅛ |
| Dec. | 94⅝ | 96⅛ | 94⅝ | 96⅛ | 94⅝ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| July | 61⅝ | 62⅝ | 61⅝ | 62⅛ | 61⅝ |
| Sept. | 62⅝ | 63⅞ | 62½ | 63⅝ | 62½ |
| Dec. | 60⅝ | 61⅝ | 60¼ | 61⅝ | 60⅝ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| July | 42¼ | 43 | 41¼ | 42⅝ | 42¼ |
| Sept. | 41¼ | 43 | 40⅝ | 42⅝ | 41¼ |
| Dec. | 42½ | 43⅞ | 41⅝ | 43⅞ | 42½ |

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pork— | | | | | |
| July | 20.55 | 20.82 | 20.55 | 20.75 | 20.57 |
| Sept. | 20.20 | 20.42 | 20.30 | 20.35 | 20.42 |
| Lard— | | | | | |
| July | .... | 11.10 | 11.05 | 11.07 | 11.00 |
| Sept. | 11.15 | 11.22 | 11.12 | 11.22 | 11.15 |
| Oct. | 11.07 | 11.20 | 11.07 | 11.17 | 11.07 |
| Ribs— | | | | | |
| July | 11.70 | 11.80 | 11.70 | 11.77 | 11.72 |
| Sept. | 11.52 | 11.65 | 11.52 | 11.65 | 11.55 |
| Oct. | .... | 11.35 | 11.25 | 11.25 | 11.22 |

NEW YORK.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| July | 1.00¼ | .... | .... | 1.01¼ | 1.00 |
| Sept. | 99 | .... | .... | 1.00 | 98¾ |

ST. LOUIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| July | 89⅜ | .... | .... | 90¾ | 89¼ |
| Sept. | .... | .... | .... | 91⅜ | 94⅜ |

MINNEAPOLIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| July | .... | .... | .... | .... | 91⅜ |
| Sept. | .... | .... | .... | .... | 93⅞ |

DULUTH.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat— | | | | | |
| July | 93¼ | .... | .... | 94¼ | 93¼ |
| Sept. | 94⅜ | .... | .... | 95⅜ | 94⅜ |

### New York Produce.

New York, June 16.—Flour steady and unchanged; spring patents, $4.60@4.95; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1, winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.20@4.30. Wheat—Insufficient rains northwest and the dry weather forecast, coupled with the strength in coarse grains, resulted in a bicher ruling in wheat this morning; July, $1.00 3-8@1.00¼. Pork firm; mess, $22.25@22.75; family, $24.00@25.00; short clear, $20.75@22.00. Beef quiet; mess, $18.00@19.00; family, $22.00@23.00. Lard steady; middle west, $11.05@11.15.

Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 2.80@2.83c; centrifugal, 3.30@3.33c; molasses sugar, 2.55@2.58c; refined steady; crushed, 5.05c; fine granulated, 4.85c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum, steady; refined New York bulk, $5.00; barrels, $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, quiet; No. 1, $1.02½@1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 75@85c. Hides, steady; Bogota, 29@30c; Central American, 29½c. Leather, steady; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter, unsettled; receipts, 5,150 tubs; creamery, extras, 28@28½c; firsts, 27½@27¾c; seconds, 26½@27c; thirds, 24@25½c; state dairy, finest, 27½c; good to prime, 26@27c; common to fair, 24@25½c; process, extras, 25¼c; firsts, 24@25½c; imitation creamery, firsts, 24½@25c; factory, western best packing stock, 21½c; southern best, 21c; packing stock No. 3, 20@20½c. Cheese, steady; receipts, 2,256 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh, white and pale colored specials, 14¾c; do. average fancy, 14¼c; state, whole milk, fresh, under grades, 13¾@14¼c; skims, 3@10¾c. Eggs, irregular; receipts, 15,769 cases; fresh gathered extras, 22@23c; extra firsts, 20@21½c; firsts, 19@19½c; seconds, 18@18½c; thirds, 17@17½c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1, 17¼@18c; do. No. 2, 15@17c; fresh gathered, checks, good to choice, dry, 15½@16½c; do. checks under grades, per case, $3.00@4.00; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery, white, fine to fancy, quality, 23@25c; do. gathered, whites, 22@24c; western gathered, whites, 20@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby, hennery, brown, 23c; do. gathered, browns and mixed colors, 20@22c.

### Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, June 16.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 30½@31c a pound; prints, 31½@32c; firsts, 29@29½c; seconds, 28@28½c; prints, 29½@27c; firsts, 25½@26c; dairy, fancy, 24@25c; do. choice, 22@23c; packing stock, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 18@19c. Cheese—American whole milk, old, fancy twins and flats, 18¼@19c a pound; do. choice, 17½@18c; new, fancy, 15@16½c; do. choice, 13@15½c; brick, fancy, 15@16c; choice, 14@15c; Swiss, fancy open, 24@25c; do. choice, 22@23c. Eggs—Fresh gathered, firsts, 21c; extra firsts, 22c; current receipts, 19½c a dozen; do. seconds, 17c. Poultry, alive—Fowls, 17c a pound; broilers, weighing 1½ to 2 pounds, 25@30c a pound; spring ducks, 20@22c. Apples—Per barrel, $4.00@5.00, according to quality; western, box, $1.75@2.50. Potatoes, old stock, 35@40c a bushel; new, East Shore Virginia, $2.65@2.75 a berrel; Texas Triumphs, 60@75c a bushel.

### Chicago Produce.

Chicago, June 16.—Butter unchanged. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 17,241 cases. Potatoes, old, lower, 18@20c; receipts, 27 cars; new firmer, 50@75c; receipts, 70 cars. Poultry unchanged.

### Cotton.

New York, June 16.—Cotton futures opened steady; June, 11.95c bid; July, 12.06c; August, 12.06c; September, 11.62c; October, 11.45c; December, 11.40c; January, 11.35c; March, 11.44c; May, 11.40c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 4@8 points in response to higher Liverpool cables, buying of the near months by trade interests and scattered covering. Weather advices were considered very favorable, as clear conditions with rising temperatures were reported over Sunday, but some of the private crop reviews were rather less encouraging, and the report of a New Orleans authority indicating an increase of only about 3 per cent in acreage tended to restrict new crop offerings. Business was not active, but the market held steady within a point or two of the initial figures during the early trading.

Trading continued quiet later in the morning, but offerings were relatively light and prices made new high ground for the movement on covering or scattering bull support. The market at midday was firm and about 12 to 15 points net higher. Estimated receipts today, 5,000 bales.

The market continued firm during the early afternoon, with prices selling about 14 to 18 points net higher. There was no change in the general news, and demand was not active. Spot closed steady; middling upland, 12.85c; middling gulf, 12.00c. Sales, 2,200 bales. Futures closed steady; closing bids: June, 12.12c; July, 12.17c; August, 12.11c; September, 11.76c; October, 11.60c; November, 11.55c; December, 11.58c; January, 11.53c; February, 11.54c; March, 11.63c; May, 11.67c.

### Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 16.—Hogs—Receipts, 47,000; slow; bulk of sales, $8.70@8.85; light, $8.60@8.85; mixed, $8.50@8.92½; heavy, $8.30@8.82½; rough, $8.30@8.45; pigs, $8.70@8.20. Cattle—Receipts, 18,000; strong; beeves, $7.35@9.10; Texas steers, $7.10@8.20; stockers and feeders, $6.40@8.30; cows and heifers, $3.00@8.50; calves, $7.75@10.75. Sheep—Receipts, 24,000; slow; native, $5.00@6.10; yearlings, $5.65@6.80; lambs, native, $6.65@7.80; spring, $5.50@8.10.

### Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, June 16.—Cattle receipts 4,000. Prime steers, $8.75@9.00; shipping, $8.00@8.65; butchers, $7.40@8.00; heifers, $6.75@8.35; cows, $3.75@7.25; bulls, $5.50@7.70; yorkers and feeders, $800@7.75; stock heifers, $5.50@6.50; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@85

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# BLAMES FLOODS ON ENCROACHMENT

## Engineers Find Situation Largely Due to Abutments and Industrial Plants.

Cleveland, June 11.—River encroachment by public and private corporations was blamed yesterday by government engineers for the serious flood situation in Ohio last April.

The engineers, six in number, under orders from the war department, met city officials and representatives from other cities in the inundated districts and discussed methods of flood prevention.

Particular significance was attached to the meeting because it was the first time in the history of the government that the United States had taken official cognizance of flood causes, effects, remedies and prevention.

**May Widen Cuyahoga.**

In view of events at the meeting it is possible that federal authorities will approve the plan for straightening and widening the Cuyahoga river in Cleveland, which is favored by city officials.

Adoption of this plan, members of the city harbors commission said yesterday, will eliminate all but four bridge abutments.

The board of engineers consist of: Lieut. Col. Francis R. Shunk, Pittsburg; Lieut. Col. Henry Jervey, Cincinnati; Maj. Charles S. Bromwell, Cleveland; Maj. F. W. Altstatter, Wheeling, W. Va.; Maj. Lewis H. Rand, Cincinnati, and Capt. Harold C. Fiscke, Pittsburg. Lieut. Col. Shunk was chairman of the meeting and Capt. Fiske was secretary.

Lieut. Col. Shunk said the meeting was called after the war department had ordered the engineers to investigate floods in the Ohio valley and Lake Erie drainage places, and to consider ways of avoiding future inundations.

**Encroach on Rivers.**

Capt. C. E. Benham, former government employe and vessel man, was first to raise the question of encroachment of rivers.

He said that after 40 years' observation of flood conditions he was convinced that the situation was becoming graver each year because not only private corporations, such as railroad and steamship companies encroached with docks, but also municipalities with abutments for bridges.

Judge W. H. Sook, Paulding, approved the remarks of Capt. Benham.

"I come from northwestern Ohio," said Judge Sook. "On the Auglaize river. The Nickel Plate raiload has encroached on the river with bridge abutments which causes serious flood conditions."

"This board wishes to say," said Chairman Shunk after Judge Sook had finished, "that it appreciates the fact that great damage has been caused by such encroachments.

"Buildings on river banks, bridge abutments and railroad embankments have raised the water levels. This has caused streams to flow with great velocity, entailing loss of life and much destruction of property at times of floods. It's true that there would have been floods this year without such encroachemnts, but the results would have been less serious had there been no encroachments.

"As engineers, we shall recommend that such encroachments be done away with wherever possible."

Others addressing the engineers were: F. W. Wakefield, Vermillion, O.; G. W. Tonson, city engineer, Toledo; Z. F. Craver, mayor of Warren, O.; William Eatwell, Warren, and W. S. Thompson, editor of the Independent News, Oakwood, O.

Each asked the government to improve streams and all obtained the promise of the engineers that the situation detailed would be inquired into and recommendations made which would, in the opinion of the engineers, result in lessening flood dangers.

# 6 AMERICANS ARE SLAIN IN BATTLE

## But Rebellious Moros in Philippines Are Finally Put to Rout.

Manila, June 16.—Complete rout of the rebellious Moros on Mount Bagsag was accomplished by the American forces during the night with the loss of six men killed and seven wounded.

Reports of the engagement, reaching here by wireless from the island of Jolo, are but meagre. All of the Americans killed were members of the several companies of scouts. In the first advance upon the mountain last week, when the Moros were nearly dislodged from their positions, six Americans were also killed. The number of dead among the Moros is not known.

Last night's battle began just before dark. The fighting was fierce, but the American advance so determined that the Moros at last stole away and left the mountain clear. They are now at large and will be pursued ceaselessly. Brig.-Gen. John J. Pershing, commanding the department in Mindanao, is leading the forces and is enthusiastic in praise of the conduct of his men.

# TWO-CENT FARE IS HELD VALID

Washington, June 16.—Validity of two-cent passenger laws and maximum freight rates in Missouri, West Virginia and Arkanas, were upheld by the supreme court today in another series of decisions in the noted state rate cases.

No decision was announced in the Kentucky case.

In the Missouri case the great majority of rates contested by the railroads as confiscatory were held valid. State freight rates established in Oregon also were approved.

All claims that the state laws interfered with interstate commerce were swept aside, following the precedent set in the Minnesota rate decisions a week ago. In the majority of the Missouri cases and in the Arkansas case the court held the railroads had presented too general data on which to base a claim that their property was being taken without compensation through the operation of the new rates.

At 2:15 o'clock the supreme court adjourned until next October without announcing a decision in the intermountain rate cases or passing upon an application for a review of the Gompers-Mitchell-Morrison contempt of court case.

# JAPANESE ARE TO ARBITRATE

Washington, June 14. — Viscount Chinda, the Japanese ambassador, has advised Secretary Bryan that Japan is willing to renew for another period of five years her arbitration treaty with the United States, which expires by limitation August 24.

## LITTLE FALL KILLS PAINTER

### Had Escaped Injury in Tumble of 40 Feet.

Philadelphia, June 17.—On the anniversary of a fall of 40 feet, in which he escaped injury, Hugo Walker, a painter 56 years old, was killed yesterday by falling only four feet. During the last 15 years he has several times had falls of 15 and 25 feet, each time escaping injury. The only times he was injured was when he fell a few feet from a porch roof and received a fractured skull and on another occasion tumbling off a fence, when three of his ribs and his jaw were fractured.

Yesterday as Walker neared the bottom of his ladder he tripped and fell to the ground, breaking his neck.

## ANOTHER SUFFRAGE HIKE

### Women Will March to Washington in August.

New York, June 17.—Women suffragists, undaunted by the summer weather are laying plans for another great march upon the national capital. The start from New York will be made on or about August 1, when suffragists from many other parts of the country will bear down upon Washington to drive to a victorious finish the recent favorable report of the senate committee on suffrage.

A number of members of the Men's League for Equal Suffrage have already agreed to join the women in the pilgrimage and they are organizing a troop of suffrage cavalry.

# M'REYNOLDS AND CHIEF NEAR SPLIT

## Attorney General and Wilson Admitted to Be in State of Friction.

Washington, June 11. — Friction which has arisen between President Wilson and Attorney General McReynolds has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to the length of time the latter will remain in the cabinet.

A report was current today that Mr. McReynolds was about to resign. This report is without foundation nor is there any reason to believe it will be true soon. In the end, as a result of the frequent consultations of Mr. McReynolds with his chief, it may well be the two men will adjust themselves to each other and that Mr. McReynolds will remain in his office.

**Friends Know of Friction.**

It is denied there is any trouble between the president and Mr. McReynolds. Those in a position to know, however, say the two officials have had some serious diferences of opinion, due in part to temperamental characteristics.

President Wilson has made it clear he intends to be the administration, and that no important policy shall be announced by one of his cabinet supporters without his express approval

Secretary Bryan has respected the authority of the president and has refused to take any action without his sanction. The attitude of Mr. Bryan has been emulated by practically all the cabinet officers.

Mr. McReynolds, however, has a determined personality, and feels that as attorney general he has a responsibility to himself as well as to the president. His independence of thought and action is said to have created some irritation, and it was expressed, so far as the public knows, by his recommendation to the senate finance committee that an amendment be adopted to the tariff bill imposing a graduated tax on tobacco manufactures so as to destroy the still existent trust.

**Wilson Repudiates Action.**

The president promptly repudiated the action of his attorney general, insisting the latter had merely made a "suggestion," with which, he gave the press to understand, he was not in sympathy.

Attorney General McReynolds is not the kind of a man to remain in the cabinet when he is not in complete harmony with his chief. If the existing friction should become accentuated undoubtedly he would offer his resignation.

## RIVAL CATCHES UP TO WESTON

### Ennis Walking Simply to Beat Old Pedestrian.

Elmira, N. Y., June 12.—After giving Edward Payson Weston a 24 hour start from New York, John Ennis, the 71-year-old rival of the famous walker, came up with him in this city last night and was greatly exultant over the fact that he had cut down Weston's lead in eight days. Both are walking from New York to Minneapolis and expect to make the 1,500 trip in less than 60 days.

"I am on this walk simply to beat Weston," said Mr. Ennis. "I am not getting a cent from anybody and am doing it entirely on my own resources."

Weston on the other hand declares that it is not his intention to attempt to beat Ennis into Minneapolis. Weston walked 18 miles between Waverly and Elmira today while Ennis covered 36 miles in coming here from Oswego.

## BUY GIRLS AT TEN CENTS EACH

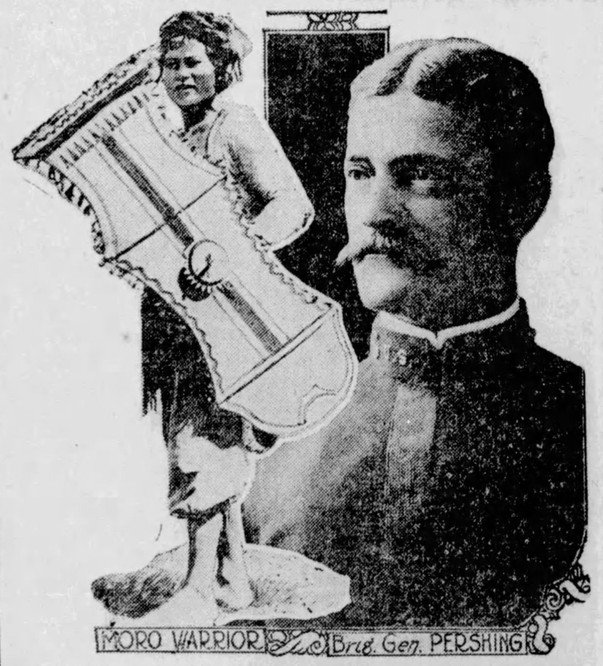
### Saved by Missionaries From Immoral Lives in Temples of India.

St. Louis, June 17.—That missionaries in India are buying young girls by the thousands at 10 cents apiece in order to save them from immoral lives in the temples was the statement made in the local Y. W. C. A. yesterday by Sherwood Eddy, Y M. C. A. secretary of Asia.

"Among the poverty - stricken there," he said, "the yearly income for a family is from $9 to $11. Only one woman in 144 can read, while 40,000,000 are in total darkness." He described marriage ceremonies where the infant brides sat on their mother's laps.

In China conditions are assuming a brighter aspect, he said.

# General Who Has Finally Routed Rebellious Moros




Washington, June 16.—Complete disarmament of the semi-civilized tribes in the southern Philippines as a step toward permanent peace in the archipelago was the object of the attack on the Moros by Brigadier General Pershing, in which several Americans were killed. In the north disarmament has been effected peaceably, and it had been hoped that through the good offices of the sultan of Jolo the savage Mohammedan tribes in the Jolo group and in Mindanoa might likewise be induced to give up their weapons.

# Richard L. Metcalfe, Colonel Bryan's Editor, and Panama Canal Zone He Will Control

MAP OF PANAMA CANAL ZONE

RICHARD L. METCALFE

Washington, June 17.—The appointment of Richard L. Metcalfe, editor of William J. Bryan's Commonwealth, to be civil governor of the Panama canal zone was taken as an indication that President Wilson and the state department wished to keep a close eye on affairs sunrrounding the big ditch. The canal will be completed this year, according to present plans, although not open to world traffic. The President wished to have his hand in close touch with affairs because of the importance of the great work. As civil governor Mr. Metcalfe will likely be "in the saddle" when Colonel Goethals and his army staff surrender control. He has been associated with Colonel Bryan for years and is prominent in Nebraska politics.

# ILLINOIS WOMEN GIVEN SUFFRAGE

## Legislature Passes Bill Giving Them Vote as Far as Constitution Permits.

Springfield, Ill., June 12.—President Wilson, former Presidents Taft and Roosevelt and the governor of each state where equal suffrage prevails, have been invited by telegraph to be present at a women's jubilee to be held here Friday night for the purpose of celebrating the passage of the bill yesterday granting limited suffrage to the women of Illinois.

The women are going ahead with their plans for further enfranchisement, it was announced today. A constitutional convention is one of these, and a number of schools of instruction is another. The constitutional convention, it is expected, would enfranchise women so that they might vote on every proposition now decided by the ballots of the men.

**Course in Citizenship.**

The schools of instruction — of which Chicago will have several— will hold courses in citizenship as well as practical lessons in voting by handmarked ballots and by machine.

By the bill adopted yesterday women may vote for all offices which are not mentioned in the constitution of Illinois. That is, they may vote for presidential electors, mayor, aldermen, muncipal court judges and board of review. They may not vote for assessors and members of the board of review. They may note vote for governor, lieutenant governor, other state officers, members of the legislature, county or district judges, congressmen or United States senators.

The bill gives as large a measure of suffrage to women as the constitution permits the legislature to grant. Women cannot obtain complete suffrage in this state without a constitutional amendment or a constitutional convention. The total male vote of the state is approximately 1,200,000 and the enfranchisement of women practically will double it.

It will be necessary to provide sufficient ballot boxes for the women and a readjustment of present election machinery must be made.

## REJECTS TAX ON TOBACCO

### Senate Finance Committee Doesn't Like Graduated Plan.

Washington, June 16.—A graduated tax on tobacco as an amendment to the tariff bill was unanimously rejected by the majority members of the senate finance committee today, who voted down Senator Hitchcock's amendment suggested by Attorney General McReynolds. The committee approved placing live stock and grains on the free list with a countervailing duty except oats, which remain dutiable at 10 cents a bushel and oat meal at 33 cents a hundred pounds. Citrus fruits were unchanged.

## TALK OF HEALTH WEDDINGS

Battle Creek, Mich., June 13—The plan of Rev. F. R. Godolphin, of Grand Rapids, to have none but "health marriages," performed by Episcopal clergymen comes up this afternoon for discussion. Godolphin also wants bans read from the pulpit in advance of marriage hereafter. The movement to change the name of the church by eliminating the word "Protestant" from the title will lose out, it is evident, probably by being tabled.

# SIX THOUSAND IN LINE

## Funeral of Suffragette Attracts Militants and Non-Militants.

London, June 14.—Suffragettes, militant as well as non-militant, came from all parts of England today for the funeral of Miss Emily Wilding Davison, who met her death while interfering with the king's horse in the Derby on June 4.

A special train brought the body of the woman suffrage "martyr" from Epsom to Victoria Station, where a procession of 6,000 women was waiting to escort it across the city through the principal streets to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where the service was held. Crowds gathered early in the morning in the vicinity of the militant suffragette headquarters, where the blinds were down and a huge banner hung at half-mast. Many detachments of women arrived from the provinces to participate in the parade. They were dressed in white with purple sashes. They wore black bands around their arms and carried bouquets and wreaths of white flowers. Twenty brass bands furnished the music for the procession.

There was a great display of banners, bearing such legends as:

"Fight on! God will give thee victory!" or "Unconquerable and not afraid!"

The program arranged last night was for the funeral procession to pass through the main streets of London between Victoria station and Bloomsbury. This morning the officials of Scotland Yard suggested that the women should parade through the quieter side streets. The suffragette leaders became highly indignant and announced that they would pay no attention to the police. The possibilities of a collision thus seemed large.

**ARREST MRS. PANKHURST ON WAY TO FUNERAL**

**London, June 14.—Mrs. Emmeline Kankhurst was arrested again today and taken to Holloway jail. She had been released on license on May 30 owing to ill health brought about by a "hunger strike" while she was serving her sentence of three years penal servitude.**

**Mrs. Pankhurst was leaving the house where she had been staying since her release when two policemen arrested her. She was dressed in deep mourning and was on the way to attend the funeral of Miss Davison.**

## Loses Federal Job Although He's Democrat

Washington, June 17.—Gen. John C. Black is a Democrat, but he lost his job as a member of the United States civil service commission, along with William S. Washburn, Republican. They sent in their resignations on March 4, with the incoming of the new administration, and President Wilson has just accepted them. No charges of any kind have been preferred against either General Black or Mr. Washburn, the reorganization being to infuse young blood into the commission. Neither is there any serious criticism of the retiring commissioners. President Wilson's idea is that there will be a great amount of work for the commission in the next four years, and he wants men of his own selection to do this work. John A. McIlhenny will be retained on the commission. He was appointed by President Roosevelt and is said to have supported the Progressives in the the last presidential campaign.

# IN FIERY BIPLANE DROPS TO DEATH

## Aviator at Lima Has One Last Joy Ride—Falls 200 Feet.

Lima, June 13—With his biplane on fire, Andrew Drew, pupil of Orville Wright and son of a St. Louis millionaire, was instantly killed by a fall from his machine at a height of 200 feet when the biplane turned over following Drew's attempt to make an emergency dip while volplaning to the ground here last evening.

An aviator of three years' experience, noted as a capable but reckless birdman, Drew was killed in a desire to take "just a little joy ride"—his last words to his partner—in a machine which he had not thoroughly tested. His partner in the Lima School of Aviation, J. C. Brabazon, had urged him not to make any lengthy trip, but Drew wished to try out the bi-plane.

He fell 200 feet, his burning machine falling like a torch hurled from the sky, and turning in midair crushed the life out of him. He was dead when Brabazon and several workmen at the Lima state hospital pulled him from under the wreck.

The machine which he was using was the one in which Calvin Rodgers, summer before last, made the last lap of his coast to coast flight.

Just after Drew shut off his motor, the men at the aviation grounds and the hospital workmen, who had gathered to watch the birdman fly, saw a red tongue of flame dart back and forth against the darkening sky. It was almost too dark to see what Drew himself was doing.

The flash of red at the rear of the machine increased, and Drew, evidently hoping to land in a field half a mile away, made an emergency dip in an effort to save himself. It was his undoing. He dipped too abruptly, and the biplane, hesitating for a moment, suddenly shot downward, careening as it began to fall.

The planes of the machine had caught fire. It came down like a great rocket, its pilot tangled in the meshes of the snapping wires. Almost together, biplane and aviator struck the rocks which were scattered about the new building. The aviator was crushed under the machine.

## SERVE WINE AT WHITE HOUSE

### Wilsons Give Guests Champagne at Formal Reception.

Washington, June 11.—All doubt as to the policy of the Wilsons as to serving of wines at state functions was removed last night. Champagne was served to guests attending the reception in honor of Lauro Muller, special ambassador from Brazil.

This was the first formal evening function of size that has taken place in the White House since President Wilson's inauguration. Liveried attendants served the champagne "right from the bottle."

An innovation in the receiving of the guests attracted attention. Instead of a continuous receiving line, which had been the custom, the President and Mrs. Wilson received in the first parlor, the special ambassador and his staff were stationed in the adjoining room and in a third room the cabinet contingent, headed by Secretary Bryan, was in line. The guests were presented to each of the three groups by three uniformed aides.

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**Why not double your income? There's no reason why you can't.** Big Money. Spare Time. SILVERING MIRRORS. Great demand in every city. Full instructions for $2.00. Mirror Silvering Works, Box 274, Glen Falls, N. Y.

### HELP WANTED.

**WANTED—Men over 18 as government** railway mail clerks and city mail carriers; commence $65 to $75 month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F-31, Rochester, N. Y.

**FORTUNES in successful songs; I've paid** thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies to me for acceptance. I'll publish under 50 per cent royalty contract. I composed "Wedding of the Winds" Waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of "Hits." Est. 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, N. Y. C.

### FEMALE HELP WANTED.

**Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100.** Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**A Comfortable Living earned at home sewing** plain seams; any sewing machine; all home work; no canvassing; no dull seasons; sewers wanted in each town; state time can sew; no triflers; samples, etc., 10c returned if not satisfactory. Jobbers Dept. O., Rehoboth, Delaware.

**Earn $7 per 50 at home embroidering corner** of handkerchiefs. Printed lessons free. Easy handwork. Trial lot and instructions 20c coin, sent any distance prepaid. Arabian Supply Co., Dept. 55, Cleveland, Ohio.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books,** etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

### AGENTS.

**Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed** Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

**A 25c mail order article appealing to men and** women. Redhot seller. 25c in silver will bring full details and selling plan. Address R. E. Bloom, Cubana, West Virginia.

**AGENTS sell rich looking 36 by 68 Imported Rugs, $1.65** each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer, selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

### REAL ESTATE.

**Texas State Lands—$1.50 to $5.00 acre;** one-fortieth down, balance 40 years; information and Texas map free. Journal Pub. Co., Houston, Tex.

**Patented State School Lands, McMullen County,** Texas. Fine climate, fertile soil; $15 per acre; only $1 per acre cash, balance 10 yearly payments. F. A. Connable, Trustee, 412 Commercial Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

### FOR SALE—FARMS.

**SEVENTEEN thousand buys 275 acres.** Fine choice Holstein cows, worth five thousand. Buildings worth ten thousand. Fodder, tools. Milk averages over six thousand yearly. Easy terms. Free catalog. Farmers Bank, Springville, N. Y.

## MEXICAN VICTIM IS DEAD

### C. F. Lowsing, Seriously Injured in Revolution, Dies in Saginaw.

Saginaw, Mich., June 17.—Injuries sustained in the Mexican revolution resulted in the death of Charles F. Lowsing here. He was a conductor on the railroad between Mexico City and Conevaco, and his train was held up March 28 by rebels, who knocked him unconscious, robbed him and left him for dead. The engineer, several passengers and soldiers were killed. Lowsing is 58 years old and came to the home of his wife's sister, Mrs. L. B. Holland, here recently.

## NORWAY HAS AMERICAN LINE

### First Steamer on New Line Arrives at New York.

New York, June 17 —The steamer Kristianiafjord of the Norwegian-American line arrived here today from Christiana, marking a new era in the maritime history of Norway. Although Norway's merchant marine is rated as the fourth largest in the world, there has not heretofore been any direct steamship connection with the United States.

A delegation of Norwegian-Americans met the liner down the bay today and a reception in celebration of her arrival will be held Saturday night. The ship is 530 feet long and on this voyage brought 150 cabin passengers and 350 in the steerage.

## USES CRUISER FOR BARGE

### Firm Buys Erstwhile Sea Fighter Detroit for Coal Carrier.

Philadelphia, June 17—The United States cruiser Detroit, once considered one of the greatest seafighters of the navy, is being converted into a coal-carrying barge to be used in coastwise and river trade and soon will be traveling along in the wake of a puffing tug, carrying its dirty cargo.

Henry Hitner & Sons recently purchased the cruiser as junk. The firm got enough brass and copper from the engine room alone to pay the purchase price.

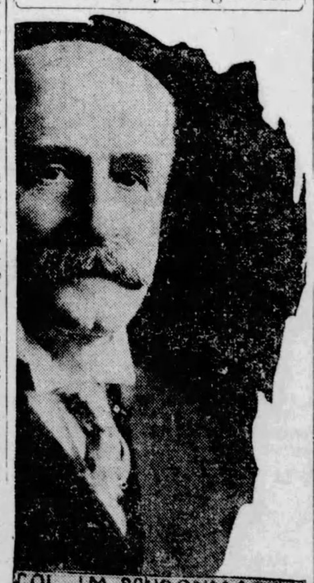
## CANDIDATES WON'T TREAT

Georgetown, Ky., June 17.—All of the 25 Democratic candidates for offices in this (Scott) county assembled here yesterday and pledged themselves in resolutions neither to "treat" nor to use money in efforts to influence the voters in their favor at the primary to be held in August. They agreed to meet again on the eve of the election providing that any one who could not then make oath that he had kept the pledge, should withdraw from the race.

## JACK JOHNSON GETS A STAY

Chicago, June 13.—Jack Johnson, negro heavyweight prize fighter, obtained five more days of freedom when Federal Judge Carpenter today granted his counsel five days to prepare a writ of error to bring the negro's case before the U. S. court of appeals. Johnson was sentenced to a year and a day in the state penitentiary when he was convicted of violating the Mann white slave act. The suspension of the setnence now is until June 23.

## In Charge of Reunion on Gettysburg Field




Philadelphia, June 17.—Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania infantry, ad brevet brigadier general U. S. volunteers, is chairman of the commission which has charge of the 50th anin versary of the battle of Gettysburg. The celebration will take place on July 1, 2, 3 and 4. It is roughly estimated that 20,000 veterans will attend the celebration and will take part in the hand-shaking festivities.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# GRAND VIZIER IS ASSASSINATED

## Mahmoud Shefket Pasha Slain on Constantinople Streets by Two Men.

Constantinople, June 11.—The Turkish grand vizier, Mahmoud Schefket Pasha, was assassinated at noon today by two men armed with revolvers who attacked him while he was proceeding in his motor car to the sublime porte.

Ibrahem Bey, the aide-de-camp of Mahmound Schefket Pasha, was also killed by the assassins. It is understood that the men who cimmitted the crime are civilians.

It is believed in government circles here that the assassination of the grand vizier was the outcome of a plot against the committee of union and progress (Young Turks).

## EMERGENCY CURRENCY READY

### McAdoo Says Government Has $500,000,000 Available.

Washington, June 12.—Secretary McAdoo, an early White House caller today, said that his statement announcing that $500,000,000 of emergency currency would be forthcoming should banks need it, was made in response to numerous inquiries from bankers. Mr. McAdoo said that some of the banks were anxious to know in view of the approaching time for crop movement whether additional currency would be available. He emphasized that the issuance of the statement had nothing to do with the situation in Wall street.


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